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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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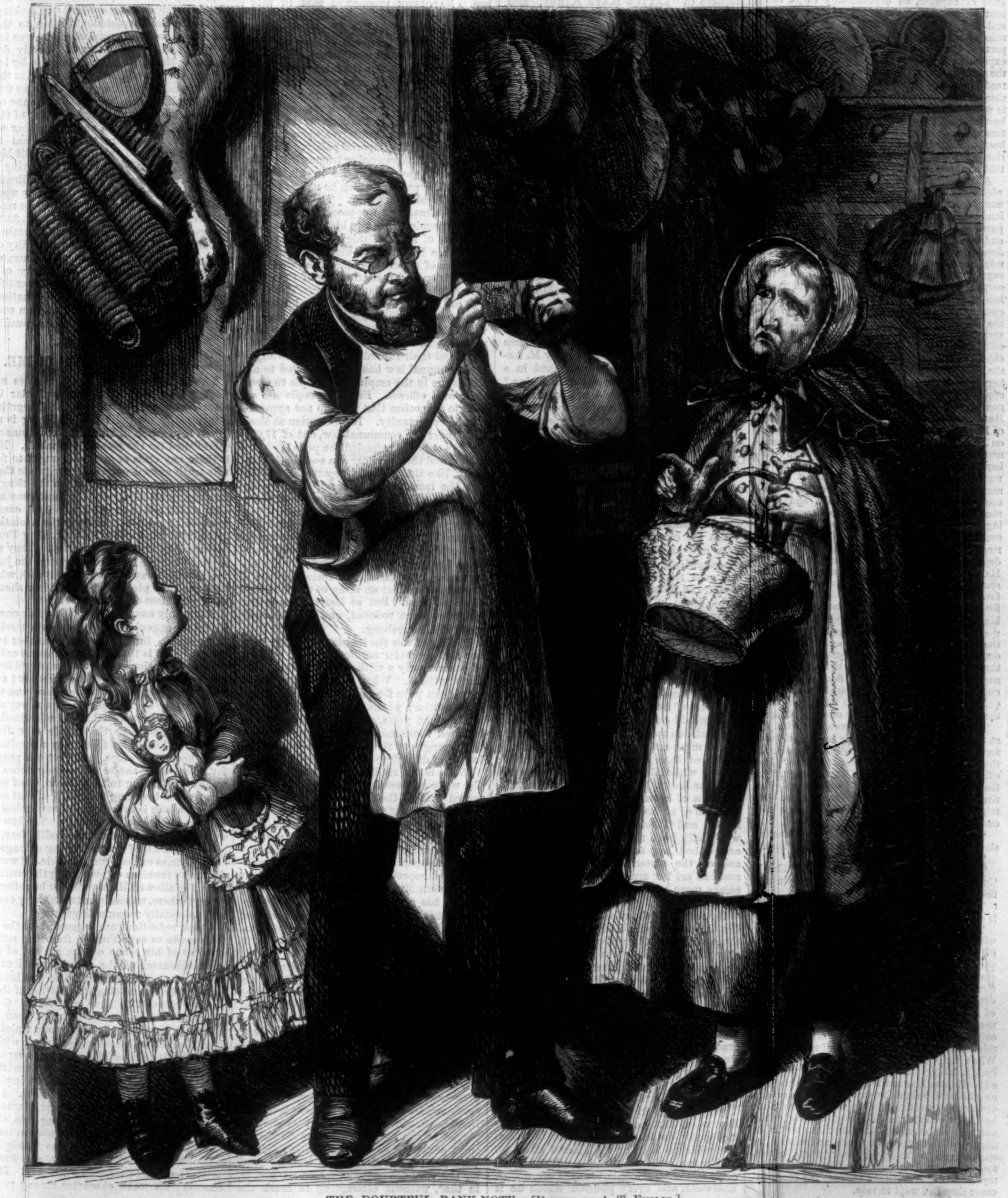

THE DOUBTFUL BANK-NOTE.—[DRAWN BY A. T. EMSLIE.]

TOM NAST NOT DEAD!

Complete Success of the Kentucky Expedition.

A TALE OF SUFFERING AND ADVENTURE.

The Great Caricaturist Discovered in the Wilds of New Jersey.

THRILLING AND AFFECTING INTERVIEW.

The public mind has recently been greatly excited by sensational reports of the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Nast, and a multitude of conflicting rumors and surmises were set afloat with regard to it. On one hand he was reported to be dead by parties with whom the wish was father to the thought, and their joy over his supposed loss was freely expressed in ironical lamentations and panegyrics.

The conductors of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, however, impressed with the belief that he was still alive, fitted out, with a reckless disregard of expense, an expeditionary corps, and sent it forth, under the command of a skillful and energetic Commissioner, in search of the missing caricaturist. Vague and unreliable reports of the wanderings and adventures of the expedition have from time to time appeared in the public prints. But we are able to assure our readers that the rumor that Mr. Nast had been discovered at the court of the Sandwich Islands is equally unfounded with the story that he had been rescued from the dungeons of the Inquisition at Rome and the tortures to which he had been consigned by the Jesuit fathers. The true story of the search and discovery has never been told until now.

After weeks of fruitless wanderings, during which the expeditionary corps endured many hardships and privations, and many perils by land and sea, they reached New York, and prepared at once to brave the dangers of that wild and uncivilized land known on the maps as New Jersey, where they had reason to suspect he might be found. Surviving the dangerous passage of the North River, the members of the corps made their way across the deep and trackless morass which guards the frontier of that country. Fortunately they were exempt from the mosquito plague, owing to the unusual severity of the season, or none might have returned to tell the story of their wanderings. Their chief peril arose from the extreme virulence of the Jersey lightning, which is laid by the Signal Service Bureau to the account of the immense apple crop of last fall, which is known to engender vast quantities of this dangerous fluid. But commissioners from the Kentucky county of Bourbon were not the men to turn their backs on Jersey lightning; and pressing boldly forward across the rocky chain of mountains which rises beyond the morasses, their perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of the object of the search in the best of health and spirits. Unconscious of the excitement which had been roused in the outside world, he had been spending a few weeks of calm repose in the delightful society of Pickwick and Sam Weller, whose stirring adventures he was engaged in graphically depicting for a new edition from the press of Harper & Brothers. The meeting was a scene never to be forgotten. It will doubtless form the subject of a grand historical painting, for which Congress will appropriate an incalculable sum; and all the great historical painters in the country have already entered the lists for the honor and profit of the job. There, at the door of a modest but tasteful rural abode, stood the great caricaturist, drawn up to his full height, surrounded by his numerous flock of children and a motley group of the native inhabitants, and doubtful whether to regard the approach of the Commissioner in a friendly or a hostile light.

The Commissioner was so overcome with joy at the sight that he felt strongly inclined to rush forward and throw his arms about the neck of the man he had traveled so far to find. "The effort of restraint," says the Commissioner, "at that supreme moment of my journey, was positively painful; but, in the presence of those who might have been unsympathetic, restraint was essential."

"Mr. Nast, I presume?" said the Commissioner, raising his hat and extending his hand.

"You bet!" was the thrilling response.

The effusive Commissioner exclaimed, "Thank God, I have been permitted to see you in the flesh!"

The long-lost caricaturist calmly replied, "It is quite a wonderful event."

The Commissioner then had a long interview with Mr. Nast, and posted him up in the news of the outside world. Mr. Nast seemed to be particularly interested in Judge Poland's report on the affairs of the Crédit Mobilier, the story of Senator Pomeroy's misplaced confidence, and Fernando Wood's little comedy of indignant virtue; and as the Commissioner read on he was observed to be engaged in sharpening a pencil with an energy which, the Commissioner thought, boded mischief to some one. When the Commissioner left he was intrusted by Mr. Nast with a large sealed package directed to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, which from its size and weight he suspected to be sundry drawings on wood; and from several casual hints he was under the impression that Mr. Nast would not only at no distant day give the public an illustrated record of the perils and adventures encountered by the expeditionary corps, but afford those who had wept crocodile tears over his mythical corpse a chance to weep the more because they had wept in vain.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 15, 1873.

☞ With the next Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive the Eleventh Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is issued gratuitously in Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to Harper's Weekly.

☞ With the Number of Harper's Weekly for March 29 our readers will receive gratuitously an Eight-page Supplement, containing the concluding chapters of "Little Kate Kirby," and the commencement of Lord Lytton's new and fascinating Novel,

"THE PARISIANS,"

a work which recalls the best days of the author of "The Caxtons" and "My Novel."

RUSSIAN EMPIRE IN ASIA.

For a moment the British nation, so recently excited by the prospect of a Russian invasion in the East, which seemed to threaten the safety of her Indian empire, breathes freely again. From an explanation in Parliament, it appears that Earl Granville's definition of the boundaries of Afghanistan has been adopted by the Czar, while the latter protests that the Khivan expedition does not contemplate taking possession of the country.

Count Schouvaloff's mission to England has, it seems, succeeded in allaying excitement. How well grounded was the alarm may be gathered from an article by M. Arminius Vámbéry, recently published in a Pesth journal. "The possession of Khiva," says M. Vámbéry, "would not only round off the territories of Russia on the right bank of the Oxus, but put her in possession of the mouth of that river, which is one of the principal channels of communication in Central Asia, and of the nucleus of the roads which lead to the south. For the territory known as Khiva comprises not only the small country of that name on the Lower Oxus, but also the whole of the steppe which extends to the north of Persia; and it has for centuries had a legal claim to Merv and to the territory which exists in the immediate vicinity of Herat, that northern gate to India. Tashkend, Khojend, Samarcand, Bokhara, and Khiva are inseparable links in the long chain of Russian conquest, which will certainly be continued to Herat and Kandahar; and there would be no rashness in predicting that the Russians will be close to India in five years at the latest." M. Vámbéry thinks that in such a case India would not be so safe against a Russian invasion as some suppose. "It is true," he says, "that the Indian railways would enable an army to be sent to the northern frontier in a very short time; but it must not be forgotten that India is separated from England by a vast stretch of sea, while Russia would be connected with the Indian frontier by an uninterrupted chain of her own possessions. Even if the plan of an Asiatic railway through Asia Minor and Persia were realized, Russia would still have the advantage, for she has established her arsenals in the Caucasus and on the eastern coast of the Caspian, and can set her army in motion when necessary more securely and rapidly than England can."

But, after all, the crisis is only postponed. Circumstances, which, like Providence, help those who help themselves, may, and probably will, place Khiva in the hands of Russia, when the British government will be in the awkward position which M. Vámbéry so clearly indicates.

The present Emperor of Russia understands the value of peace with the rest of the world while he pursues his career of gradual conquest Eastward. It is not long since he secured the assent of the Porte and the other signatory powers of the Paris Treaty to the passage of his iron-clads through the Dardanelles to the Black Sea. There was a feverish excitement throughout Europe on that occasion, but the Czar promised peace—a promise which he has been compelled to keep by the altered situation of Europe since that event. Now losing sight of Constantinople, his eyes are turned Eastward, and every position which he is suffered to occupy in that direction becomes immediately impregnable.

Russia has many advantages which favor her scheme for the building up of a vast empire in Asia. She is the third naval power in Europe. Her industry is agriculture. In 1870 her exports of cereals amounted to nearly 133,000,000 of bushels. No industry so essentially unites itself with a military disposition. An extended commerce renders its possessors timid in proportion to the vulnerability which necessarily accompanies it. Absorption in mechanical pursuits denudes a people of those qualities which belong to the soldier. Again, a nation depending upon the soil mainly for its prosperity has little to fear from the devastations of war within its borders. The recuperation of the agricultural economy is easy and rapid. From the character and vastness of its territory the Russian empire bewilders an attacking army. Napoleon learned this lesson by a bitter experience.

The most important advantage which the Czar has, however, in the gratification of his military ambition is his unlimited despotism. Napoleon prophesied that in fifty years Europe would be either all Sclave or all republican. From present appearances Europe seems to be about equally divided between Sclaves and republicans. And the Sclavic empire remains the most perfect representative on the globe of personal government. Even in Germany, where, as Prince Bismarck recently asserted, responsibility is to the king, not to Parliament, the forces of culture impress themselves upon and really determine the imperial policy. But the Czar is not thus swayed or trammeled. The councils of government lie in his breast alone. The promise which he makes to-day he may break to-morrow. The aristocracy is in no situation to oppose his liberalism, nor the people to restrain his tyranny. The existence of a formidable and wealthy second estate in Russia would have made the abolition of serfdom as difficult as would be the division and redistribution of the great land estates of England to-day. The Czar will not brook the existence any longer of even the military aristocracy which has prevailed since 1785, by virtue of a statute which vested local administration in military satraps and their subordinates. Accordingly, the communal law has been extended to all the towns in the empire, the people to elect their own officers. But the people are so used to despotism that they do not appreciate the opportunity. In an election at Moscow, under the communal law, out of 17,000 electors only 170 attended the polls!

Now and then we hear of a socialistic outbreak, like that recently reported by cable. But the insurrection is local, and is soon put down. So, in the line of conquest, there are sometimes awkward impediments. For thirty years Shamyl, at the head of the Circassian Tartar tribes, withstood the whole strength of Russia. Cis and trans Caucasus had long been conquered, but the intervening mountains held their own for a generation against an army of two hundred thousand men. But at last the mountain fortresses were reduced, and Shamyl was sent to St. Petersburg.

In time of war the Russian army numbers one and a quarter millions of men; in time of peace nearly a million. The army is always utilized. When it is not fighting it more than pays for its subsistence by labor upon military works. The term of service is for eight years, and thus every year a hundred thousand young men are distributed throughout the country—a wholesome leaven of discipline and industry.

What is the civilization which follows in the wake of Russian conquest? It is estimated that of the immense population of the empire about forty thousand understand the significance of civilization as the term is accepted among the Western nations. There is no system of popular education, except on paper. For all mechanical inventions and improvements Russia is dependent on Western Europe. The present emperor, indeed, has given more attention to industrial progress than did his predecessors, and has perfected a system of cheap transportation for carrying agricultural products to the sea-board.

Such a civilization—crude, material, and so intimately associated with military organization—naturally advances Eastward against the undisciplined hordes of Central Asia rather than against the cultivated races of the West. It is not strange, therefore, that England, who is Russia's only rival in Asia, and who can not depend upon a single European alliance, except with Turkey, in any such conflict, stands in awe, as in the presence of an inevitable destiny, when she contemplates the future of her Asiatic empire. Russia, by such military vigor as she displayed in the Caucasus, commands the respect of the Asiatic peoples, while England, with her higher civilization, is contemned for the very discretion of which she boasts, in that, without attempting to crack the shell of her Indian nut by conflicts with the mountain tribes, she is content to fatten on the kernel—the easily plucked fruit of the plains.

AMES AND BROOKS.

The action of the House of Representatives on Judge Poland's Crédit Mobilier report, in substituting a vote of censure and condemnation for the resolution expelling Ames and Brooks, and passing over the other inculpated members without notice, fell far short of the just expectations of the country. It was a clear case of moral cowardice, an unmanly shirking of responsibility. After rejecting a resolution which involved a denial of its right to expel Ames and Brooks for the offense with which they were charged, after finding them guilty by a more than two-thirds vote, the House adopted a resolution which virtually declares that a member may offer or accept a bribe and yet not be disqualified from retaining his seat in Congress.

In the case of Mr. Ames the resolution adopted by the House declares that it "absolutely condemns" his conduct "in seeking to procure Congressional attention to the affairs of a corporation in which he was interested, and whose interests directly depended on the legislation of Congress, by inducing members of Congress to invest in the stock of said corporation." Mr. Brooks was also "absolutely condemned" for the use of "his position of government director of the Union Pacific Railroad, and of member of this House, to procure the assignment to himself or family of stock in the Crédit Mobilier of America—a corporation having a contract with the Union Pacific Railroad, and whose interests depended directly upon the legislation of Congress." If these resolutions mean any thing, it is that Mr. Ames was guilty of attempting to bribe members of Congress, that Mr. Brooks was guilty of accepting a bribe, and that the House of Representatives considers the passage of a vote of censure an adequate punishment for such offenses. "Absolute condemnation" must be the verdict of the country on such a lamentable exhibition of moral pusillanimity.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR CRIME.

There is no general law that does not work grievous hardship in particular instances; but society can not hold together if sympathy for individual suffering is allowed to weaken or annul those ordinances established for the good of the whole. Nor is there any class of men who ought to feel this truth more deeply, and to regulate their conduct by it more exactly, than the clergy; for they, of all men, meet the most constant and striking instances of the fatal consequences to society following the violation of statutes fixed either by overruling Providence or by the civil authority. They accept and enforce by iterated precept the just, unswerving sway of Divine law: with what face can they plead that human law should show itself less even and sure?

Their only answer—and it is a fair one—is that the appeal to mercy in cases deserving it is proper. But they must remember two things. One is that civil government exists for the prevention and correction of evil first, not for the redemption of the evil-doer; and that its system of action, therefore, can not admit, as the Divine scheme does, mercy after sentence as a coequal agent with justice. That "droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven." The other follows as a corollary, that exceptional cases, justifying the prayer for lenity, must not be the ordinary ones of weakness yielding to temptation, or of sudden passion breaking the bonds of that self-control which is every man's duty, unless he chooses to become *feræ naturæ*. The law indulges the pleas of extreme bodily fear, of weak intellect, of overwhelming outrage to those dear, as excuses for homicide. It would fail in its function of protecting the community if it allowed its severity to be softened by any others, unless in extraordinary cases, and on equally reasonable grounds.

These reflections are suggested by the efforts made to save Foster from the consequences of his crime on the ground of the good character of the convict previous to the offense, and the fact that he was intoxicated while committing it. Neither of them can be allowed to have any force. Good character means something more than respectable parentage and religious training. It is the sum of a man's good work within himself. It implies tried principles, reputable ways of life, choice of good associates, steady pursuit of proper ends. It implies, above all, the power of self-restraint. Less than these may make indifferent character, or weak character, but nothing less than these can steel a man against sudden temptation, or give him a claim to indulgence when he goes down before it, and has to meet the consequences of his fall. It is exactly this weak character among young

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Americans of Foster's class that needs an impressive warning. Self-indulgence and unbridled temper and neglect of manly control are leading multitudes of them in the same course. The spectacle of its end and the certainty that it can not be averted will be their only rescue, and the only safeguard of the society which they will otherwise grow up to infest.

Still less can drunkenness demand immunity from punishment for the crime it prompts. Plain law and simple common-sense protest against so maudlin a plea. There is no rule in the administration of justice in criminal cases more clearly enounced or more solemnly settled by adjudication than the rule that intoxication furnishes no excuse for breach of law. It is needless to cite any of the numerous cases on this point, some of them even maintaining in argument that intoxication aggravates the crime committed under its influence, and all of them pointing to the dreadful consequences of a contrary view, which would allow a man to seek the very excitement that stimulates the deed for the sake of a protection against its punishment. Hardly an instance can be found in which the reason of the law is so clear and so well grounded as in this; and the piteous sympathy which seeks to blind us to its force only incurs the contempt due to pitiable sophistry.

THE RELIGIOUS AMENDMENT.

There is little practical danger to be apprehended from the movement to secure a "religious amendment" to the Constitution of the United States, for the promotion of which a "National Convention" was recently held in this city. The complete separation of church and state is a principle as firmly rooted in the hearts of the American people as religious freedom itself and the equality of all men before the law. But as the movement is sanctioned and supported by a considerable number of sincere though misguided men, it is well for thoughtful people to examine into the nature of the proposed amendment, the objects sought by its promoters, and the consequences to which it would lead.

The men who framed the Constitution under which the country has prospered for nearly a hundred years saw that neither civil nor religious liberty could exist without the absolute divorce of church and state; and to guard against every possible danger in this direction, to preserve entire liberty of conscience, and afford no excuse for state interference with religious affairs, they studiously avoided the formal recognition on which the advocates of the "religious amendment" now insist. Events have justified the wisdom of this course. In no other country in the world does perfect religious liberty exist; for toleration, even in England, is not liberty in the large sense in which we understand it.

The advocates of the "religious amendment" maintain that "the signs of the times, the rapid deterioration of public morals, and the bold demands of organized political infidelity show conclusively and impressively that the alternative now presented to the American people is atheism or Christianity, and that failure to adopt this proposed amendment involves ultimately general immorality and anarchy." The fallacy of this conclusion is so obvious that we shall not insult the intelligence of our readers by dwelling upon it. If the formal recognition in state documents of "God as the source of all power, Jesus Christ as the chief ruler, and the Bible as the supreme rule of all national conduct" could secure to a nation all the blessings of Christianity, then Spain and Italy and France, under the old papal despotisms, should have been the most Christian nations in the world, whereas the union of church and state in those and other countries has always been fraught with the most deplorable consequences. It is useless to say that such a union is not intended by the proposed amendment. Its adoption would be the first step toward proscriptive legislation. At the recent Convention the opponents of the measure were refused a hearing, and one of the speakers asserted that "while the atheist has a right to live, whether he has a right to be a citizen is another thing." What is this but the entering wedge of proscription for religious opinion? And why stop with "atheists?" If Jesus Christ is to be recognized in the Constitution as "the chief ruler," what would be the status of the large and respectable denomination who do not hold to the doctrine of his divinity? Would not those who hold to the ancient Jewish faith also be excluded from citizenship under this rule?

As we have said, there is little danger that a project so manifestly absurd will ever assume the aspect of practical danger. The good sense of the American people will prevent the movement from becoming general. We trust the excellent but mistaken gentlemen who have taken this matter in hand will come to see that what is wanted is not "God in the Constitution," but God in the hearts of the people—not the empty form, but the living principle.

GERMAN-AMERICANS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

The good government of the city of New York depends in future upon the union of its American and its German citizens to restrain improvidence and cultivate education. Charters, however ingeniously constructed, will fail, and all the labors of reform prove useless, unless the two cultivated and more industrious portions of the population unite in protecting themselves. Nothing would be easier than for the Germans and the Americans of New York to control the city by their common vote. Had they done so in the past five years, they might have saved its industrial interests from an intolerable load of taxation—would have preserved the public morals and the reputation of freedom. They chose instead to divide into opposing parties. The indolent and the ignorant profited by their folly; a reign of incredible wastefulness and robbery succeeded. In all history there is no example of a city so perfectly sacked by foreign thieves as ours has been. Estates in Connaught and châteaux in Spain have been purchased with the hard earnings of industrious Germans and active but inattentive Americans. And every future generation of our citizens will have reason to remember the fatal days when Irish politicians, priests, and immigrants selected our rulers, and enriched themselves at the cost of the city. For a moment this has been stopped. Weighed down by an enormous debt, New York is laboring to recover itself. It owes more than one-tenth of the valuation of its property. Within a few years its debt has been trebled, its annual expenses doubled. The robbers are still watching their prey; and a throng of corrupt politicians, editors, contractors, judges and lawyers, commissioners and priests, will fasten once more on the unfortunate city whenever the Irish vote and the Democratic leaders resume their reign.

The German portion of our population have a necessary office to fulfill, which they have heretofore neglected. They have suffered themselves too often to be deceived by the name of Democracy. They have lent their aid unconsciously to the corrupt officials. Even in the last election a considerable share of the German vote must have been given to the leaders of Tammany Hall, and it is time that the more intelligent portion of the German population should study our city politics with earnest attention if they would save the property they have accumulated from spoliation, and secure themselves from future robbery. By a fortunate division of the Irish vote the Tammany leaders were defeated. The reformers will hold for two years the control of the city, and for that period, at least, we are safe from danger. But two years will pass rapidly by, the old struggle will be renewed, the dishonest members of the community will once more aim at power, and only the union of all true reformers can avert their success. Let, therefore, every wise and patriotic German-American employ the interval of safety in teaching his countrymen their true interests, and in preparing them for their political duties. They should unite in one general reform association. They should establish clubs, excite political discussion, and study incessantly the history of the misfortunes of New York. Among the Germans are many prudent and honest men who, although not office-seekers nor politicians, are capable of filling the most important positions with success, whose integrity would insure the confidence of their fellow-citizens, but who have heretofore remained unnoticed. Their services should now be required. It is the duty of every man to serve the community. Honesty has always been the leading trait of the great majority of the Germans, and German honesty may well be employed to sweep away the horde of trading politicians, and fill our public offices with men who are incapable of dishonoring them.

From the swift current of German immigration which is flowing in upon us we obtain a population that is already educated to obedience to the laws, and instructed in the arts of civilized life. From such an immigration the city and the country will be benefited. It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable events of the century that the tenants of the great German hive of nations should seek out their descendants in the New World, and once more blend the kindred races in a union that will prove profitable to both. The stream of German immigration promises to be unceasing. We are told by recent German writers that the increase of their race in Europe is more rapid than at any previous period; that its wonderful fertility recalls the memory of the days when the Goths swarmed over Italy and Spain, the Saxons conquered England, and the Franks renewed the population of France. In North Germany the cities, and even the rural districts, are doubling their inhabitants. Southern Germany is advancing, though in a less proportion. But the other European races are often stationary or declining in numbers. Even before the war the population of France was scarcely increasing, and since the war it has shown a rapid decline. It was a jealousy of the swift multiplication of the German people that led Napoleon to demand so often an enlargement of the French territory; it was a dread of the rapid growth of Protestant Prussia that drove him to a fatal effort to awaken a religious war in Germany. There seems no likelihood that Germany will ever cease to be what she has always been, the parent of nations, or that the stream of emigration will no longer flow to our shores. It will become the duty of the German-American to prepare his countrymen for their share in our free government. They must take their part in civil affairs if they would escape the oppression of infamous rulers. They must become American in language and in feeling, unless they are content to be the prey of politicians; and we trust their first aim will be to aid in reforming the government of New York. It is only by a union of the Americans and the Germans of our city that we can hope to maintain the rule of honest men.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Edmund Yates will soon return to England. His success in this country, professionally and socially, has been complete, and arrangements have been made which will insure his return next autumn on terms that will make that visit of double the value of this, his first. Mr. Yates is one of the most industrious, as he is one of the brightest, simplest, and frankest of men. His mornings are given to dictating fiction to a phonographer, his odd afternoon hours to "seeing things" and picking up all sorts of information, his evenings to lectures, and the later hours to society. For a year, at least, to come his literary crop is mortgaged to the "grasping publisher" at figures quite consolatory to that noble membrane which authors denominate the heart.

—The new United States Senator from Nevada, Mr. John P. Jones, is a Welshman, having been born at Hay, Brecknockshire, in 1828. His father came to this country in 1830. In 1850 he told a cousin that he meant to be elected to the United States Senate, and he has been working for that honor ever since. He is the first native of Wales ever elected to the Senate.

—Lord Lytton, in a recent conversation with Professor Jowett, expressed the opinion that there were now living in the world not more than twenty men who could be called really great. Of English orators, past and present, he thought Wyndham the most perfect. Next summer he intended to devote to the study of Plato, and said, laughingly, that even at the age of sixty-seven it was hard to get rid of the love of approbation.

—Professor Agassiz is no believer in Darwin. Not long ago he was introduced to a lady whom he was quite sure of having met before. She told him that he was mistaken. He laughingly replied, "Well, we have known each other, but I presume it was when we were both toads!"

—And now comes Rufus Whitmore, of Orwell, Vermont. What a man it is! In his ninety-fifth year and in perfect health! He has been a constant user of tobacco for more than seventy-five years. And that's not the worst: his father and grandfather did the same thing before him, and they lived to be respectively ninety-eight and ninety-six years old. What shall we say of this?

—Henry Taylor, who for thirty years has rocked the "Cradle of Liberty" in Boston (as janitor of Faneuil Hall), has declined a reappointment.

—The personal estate of the late Edwin Forrest has been appraised at $320,386, of which over $100,000 are in securities on deposit, $4071 in jewelry, and $47,000 in paintings. His library contains 7357 volumes. The real estate is quite large, though the estimated value is not given.

—Lord Dalling (Sir Henry Bulwer), recently deceased, was an elder brother of Lord Lytton, and entered the diplomatic service as early as 1829. After representing his country at various European courts he came to Washington in 1849, and was the principal hand in making the famous Bulwer-Clayton treaty. He married a daughter of the late Lord Cowley. Having no children, he lived up to and beyond his income, dying insolvent, and leaving his executors not enough to pay his debts.

—Mr. John Torr, conservative, has just been returned to Parliament from Liverpool by a majority of 2000 over a liberal. The point of it is that Mr. Gladstone at the last election was a candidate for re-election from that constituency, and was defeated. Mr. Torr was supported by the licensed victualers, and his victory has therefore more than ordinary significance.

—Samuel A. Hitchcock, of Massachusetts, has taken the correct method of going gracefully down into history, by giving fifty thousand dollars to the Illinois College, at Jacksonville, to endow the Hitchcock professorships of mathematics and natural science.

—New style of architecture invented by very old man—one John Burkhart, of Virginia, who is over one hundred years old, and for a long time has resided in the hollow of a large beech-tree. Last year, however, the veteran got married, and the apartment being deemed inadequate for domestic bliss, he has now built an addition to the herb—a "lean-to," as it were.

—London society has been a little amused by a short announcement which has just appeared in the ladies' column of the London *Times*. It states that Lord Westbury, an ex-Lord Chancellor of England (formerly Sir Richard Bethell, one of the greatest lawyers England has owned), has been married to Eleanor Maria, third daughter of the late Henry Tennant, Esq. The bridegroom has attained the mature age of seventy-three.

—M. Bebel, the German socialist, was sentenced a year ago to two years imprisonment and deprived of his privilege to sit in the Reichstag, of which he was a member, for a political offense. He has just been re-elected in Saxony by a vote of 12,000 against 3700 given to his opponent, a government official.

—The sword of "mad Anthony Wayne" is now the property of Mr. W. H. Naff, of Wilmington, Delaware. It is a straight, light blade, in a leather scabbard, which is worn, and looks the worse for wear. Although called "mad Anthony," on account of his daring and impetuous valor, he was not deficient in prudence and judgment. He died at Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, in December, 1796, leaving a son, Isaac, who became a colonel and Senator.

—Nathan Lyman, one of the oldest residents of Buffalo, died in that city on the 16th ult., aged eighty-three. Sixty years ago he came from Hartford to this city as an employé of Elihu White, a type-founder, and produced the first type ever cast in the State of New York. In 1832 he removed to Buffalo, where he continued the business to which he had devoted his earlier years. He was one of the most unassuming as he was one of the purest of men, avoiding the turmoil of public life, and devoting himself, outside of his business, to works of beneficence.

—Chief Justice Chase has bought an old historic homestead farm of sixty acres near Washington, from which he often walks to the Capitol, a distance of a mile or more. He is spending some care and cost in its embellishments, and means to end his days there.

—The death is announced of one of the oldest veterans of the Greek war of liberation—Major Johannes Pappalexopulo. He fought under Kolokrotonis at the battle of Trikorpha, and afterward at Monemvasia.

—In modeling the printers' statue of Mr. Greeley, the *Tribune* suggests that he be presented as a journeyman printer working at the case. We shall not then have another statue of a great man appearing as if he never did any thing and was incapable of doing any thing except standing still and gazing into infinite space.

—Professor Agassiz thinks that the Cambridge Museum, though not finished, is a better working institution than the Jardin des Plantes or the British Museum, and a better museum than Cuvier ever saw. Its collection of fishes exceeds those of the French and English museums put together.

—Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, has discovered a new star in the lyceum firmament—Mrs. Margaretta B. Moore, a dramatic reader. She is a young lady of twenty, quite beautiful, and said to be more accomplished than Mrs. Scott-S.

—Surgeon Miner, in charge of the United States Marine Hospital at Port Townsend, on Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, near the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway, thus writes of the climate of that country to a friend in Philadelphia, under date of January 23, 1873: "The wall-flowers and English violets are now in bloom in my garden, and I have pease two inches high, and cabbage plants set out."

—Mr. Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and well known throughout all that wild Western region for an amiability and general tenderness quite remarkable and praiseworthy, has discharged the inaccurate printer who made him say of Mario, "Hail, king of terrors," when he meant tenors.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The almost absorbing topic in Congress during the week was the Crédit Mobilier, which was discussed in the House day and night until its settlement. On the 24th ult. Mr. Butler, as a question of privilege, presented a report from the Judiciary Committee to the effect that neither Vice-President Colfax nor Mr. James Brooks could be legally impeached for their participation in the Ames transactions.—On the 27th ult. the House, by a decided vote, passed resolutions of censure in the case of Oakes Ames and James Brooks, but refused to pass similar resolutions against other members. In the Senate Mr. Morrill's committee recommended the expulsion of Senator Patterson.—In the House, on the 24th ult., the River and Harbor Appropriation bill, calling for $5,750,000, was passed. The Senate, after a long debate, refused to lay aside the Agricultural College bill and take up the report of the Committee on Privileges and Elections on the Caldwell case, by a decided vote of 32 nays to 22 yeas. The bill was then discussed all the afternoon and until a late hour at night, when, on discovering that there was no quorum present, the Senate adjourned.—In the Senate, on the 25th ult., the Agricultural College bill was debated nearly all day, after some debate on the Louisiana question, and finally referred to a conference committee, consisting of Messrs. Morrill, Sawyer, and Stevenson. During the evening session the Army Appropriation bill was passed.—The Senate, on the 26th ult., passed a number of bills on the calendar. It also passed the House bill to carry into effect the fishery clause of the Treaty of Washington. The Utah bill was then taken up, and discussed during the remainder of the day and all through the night session till midnight, when the bill was passed.—The House, on the 28th ult., voted down the amendment to the Appropriation bill increasing the salaries of the President, Supreme Court justices, Senators, and Representatives.

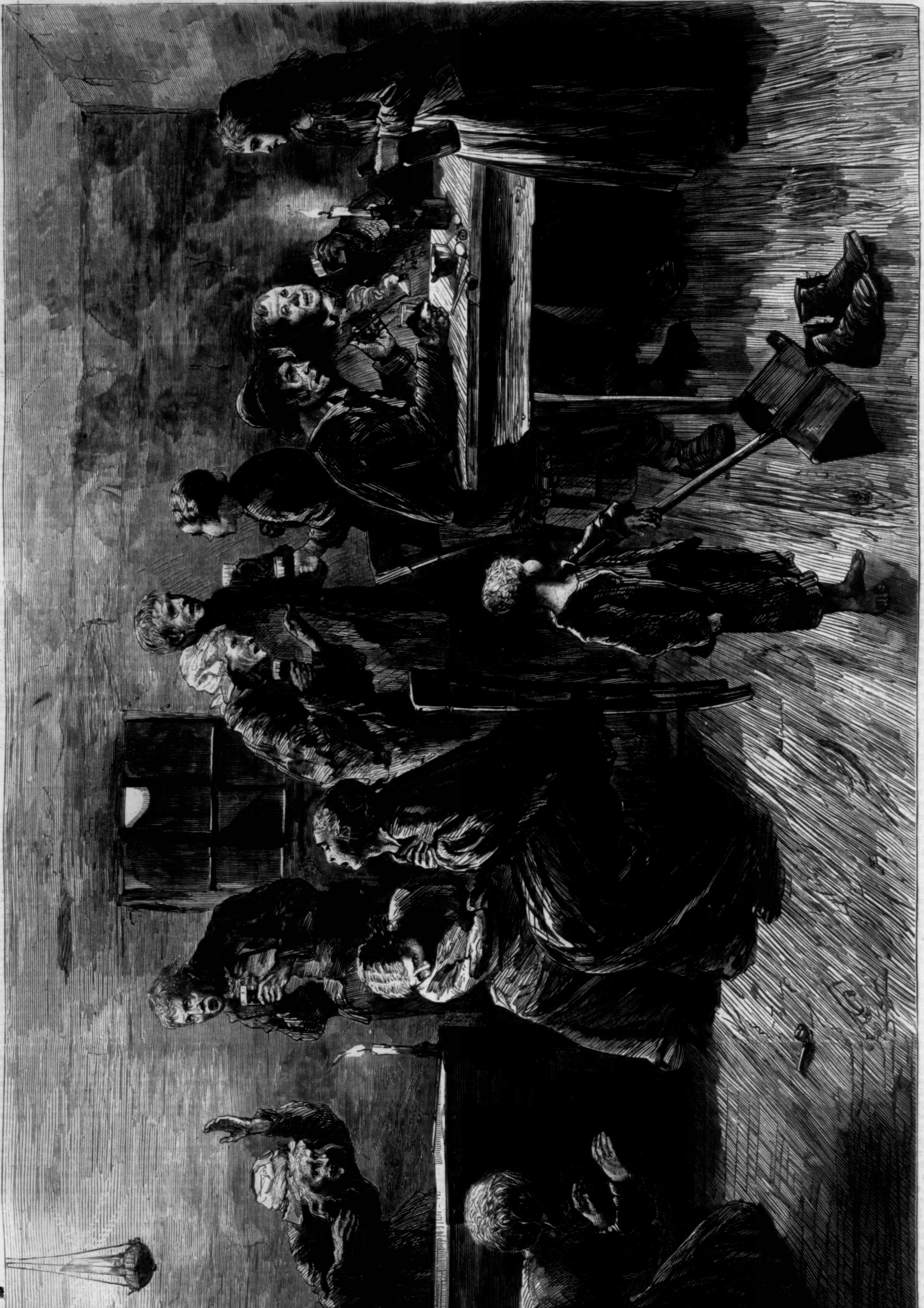
The Lower House of the Kansas Legislature has passed a resolution censuring Yorke for making charges against members and failing to sustain them; also one declaring Pomeroy unworthy the confidence and respect of the people of Kansas. In the Senate, a resolution eulogizing Yorke and condemning Pomeroy was lost by a vote of 12 to 13.

The New York charter passed the State Assembly on the 27th ult. by a vote of 88 to 31, and was then sent to the Senate, where it was ordered to be printed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Another ministerial crisis has arisen in Spain, resulting in the election of a new ministry, in which Figueras is President of the Council, and Castelar Minister of State. The Bourbons are again intriguing, and ex-Queen Isabella has summoned Prince Alfonso from Rome. Señor Castelar has addressed a note to the leading powers of Europe asking for moral support.

During a debate in the French Assembly on the 27th ult., concerning the report of the Committee of Thirty, Marquis de Castellane urged the Assembly to proclaim a constitutional monarchy. M. Gambetta subsequently made a violent speech against the report, denying the right of the Assembly to assume constituent powers, and demanding its dissolution.

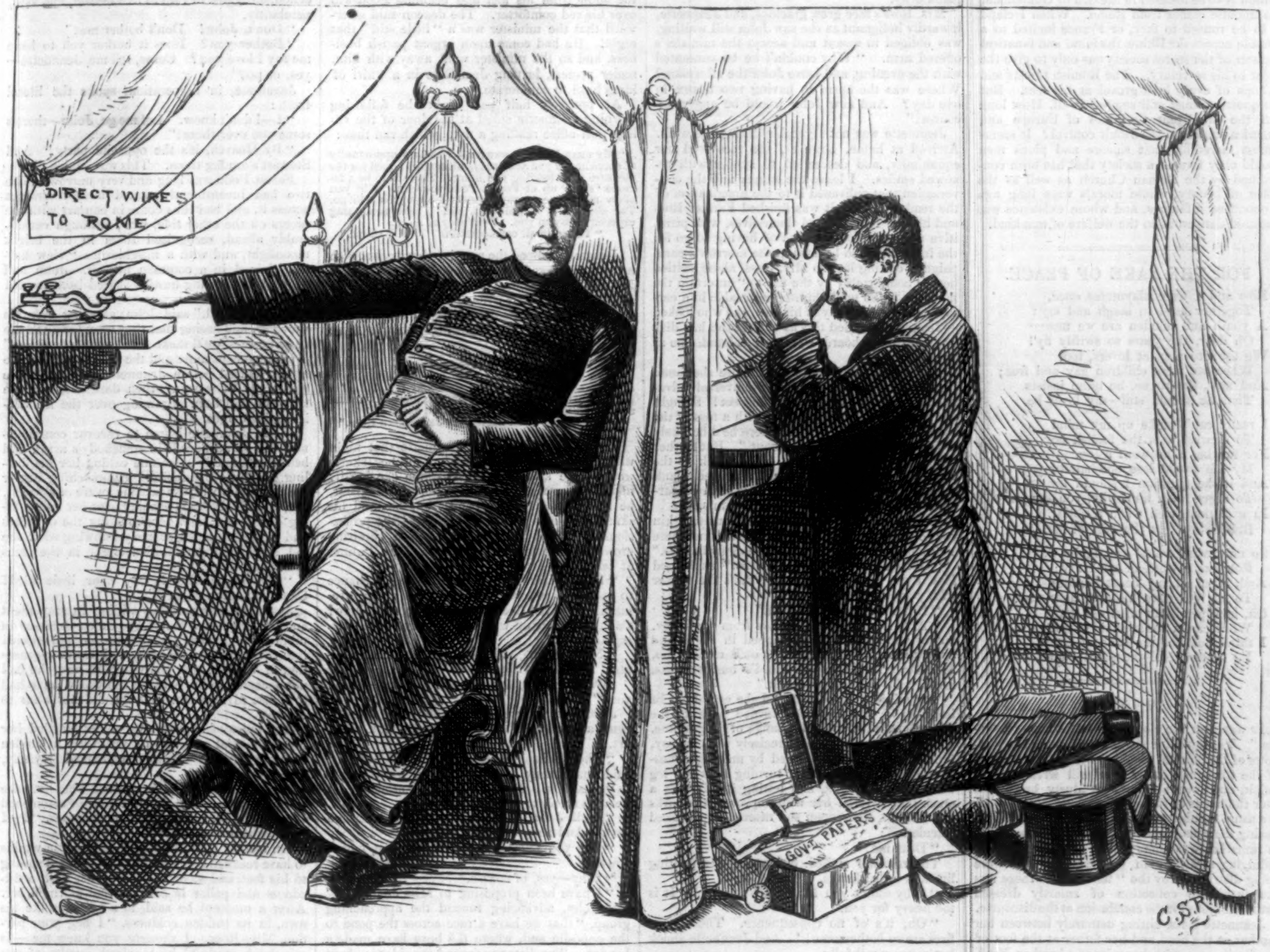


AN IRISH WAKE.—From a Sketch by M. Woolf.—[See Page 211.]

JESUIT DEFEATS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

The sudden check which the Jesuitical rulers of the Romish Church have received in our own and other countries will no doubt have a plain effect upon their future policy. In the city of New York, over which they had so long ruled with arrogance and contempt for the welfare of the people, which they had covered with corruption and plundered at will, they have been, temporarily at least, driven from power. Here their insolence has been rebuked by a shameful overthrow, and their chief leaders are fugitives from justice in foreign lands, or are awaiting in trembling suspense that retribution which will at last be awarded them by their fellow-citizens who have been the victims of their crimes. The men who three years ago subsidized the Romish Church from the city treasury and lived in riotous luxury, sustained in all their acts by the Romish vote, who labored to destroy the public schools at the command of Father Hecker, or who founded monasteries and nunneries under the guise of public charity, are now convicted robbers, abandoned even by their Jesuit friends. The men who filled all our city offices with peculation and disorder, who ruled in the boards of education, charities, the police, or the courts, are being slowly expelled from the scenes of their misdeeds, and it is possible that our city may at length be wholly relieved from the control of a single sect. The foreign Church may cease to govern us. Yet it must be remembered that its power is still great, that its organization is unrivaled, that every bishop and every priest is the servant of a despotic master, and that the policy of the Roman Catholics of New York will be determined by the General of the Jesuits at Rome. It is probable that in future, warned by its open defeat, the Papal Church will substitute duplicity for arrogance, that it will seek to delude and deceive our city rulers, that it will be the loudest in the cry for reform, and that its secret instruments will be intruded upon the community as the candidates of political honesty. If our people do not wish to be plundered anew, they will watch with constant vigilance the proceedings of the foreign Church.



THE UNSEEN SIGNAL OF THE JESUITS.

Nor in our recent national election has the defeat of the Jesuits been less evident. They had lent all their influence, if they did not wholly guide it, to the plans of the opposition party. Their press had been the loudest in its slanders against the administration. The opposition candidate was sustained by nearly all the Catholic papers, we are told by the London *Tablet*; his nomination was demanded from the Democratic Convention by the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati, the chief organ of the Jesuits and of Archbishop Purcell. The Jesuitical leaders revived anew the dying hopes of the rebels and the Ku-Klux of the Southern States, and grasped with ardor the blood-stained hands of the men who had slaughtered innocent negroes in their humble cabins in Georgia, and had tortured and shot down school-teachers and missionaries in Alabama or Mississippi. A Roman Catholic was named for the Governorship of New York, and Tammany Hall once more raised its shameless front, and nominated as Senators and Assemblymen, Aldermen and assistants, its corrupt allies. In the summer of the past year the Jesuit press of Europe and America was confident that its plans must prove successful, and that its instruments and its agents would control the government of the United States. The coalition was animated by the approaching triumph to fresh exertions. In Georgia the Ku-Klux renewed its massacres, and the opposition journals of New York breathed out no indistinct threats of coming vengeance. In July and August the hopes of the Jesuitical politicians rose still higher. They claimed that the Germans would be delivered into their hands by Mr. Schurz, that the Republicans would follow their faithless leaders, that the Southern States would be carried in a body by the Ku-Klux, and that the administration would be overwhelmed in the odium awakened by their calumnies. In those doubtful months even some timid Republicans were alarmed for "the Catholic vote," and would have condescended to purchase the favor of the Jesuits by ignoble or dishonest bribes. But the contest had now ceased to be one of politicians. The people themselves had taken up the defense of the administration and the Union. They had divined the real meaning of the Jesuitical plot; they rose in their united strength to defeat it, and from ocean to ocean an immense majority of reflecting freemen rejected the candidate of the *Catholic Telegraph* and the Romish priesthood, and destroyed the rising hopes of the Berlin *Germania* or the London *Tablet*. But even in our national affairs the power of the Jesuits is still increasing. A clerical faction will always hereafter exist among us, threatening the ruin of our freedom. It is useless to strive not to see that the Roman Catholic portion of our population must hereafter either yield to the politics of the Jesuits or revolt, like the people of Italy and Spain, from all clerical control; and of the latter alternative there seems little hope.

Of the Jesuit disasters in foreign countries one of the most signal is the revival and unity of Italy. In spite of the intrigues of unpatriotic popes and petty princes, of foreign and domestic tyrants, the Italians have achieved their independence. By a sudden revival, unprecedented among nations, a race once fallen, apparently forever, has renewed its energy and become once more powerful and progressive. Its foreign oppressors have been driven from every part of the peninsula. The Austrians are expelled from Lombardy and Venice. The French garrison has retreated from Rome. A liberal government has supplanted the clerical despotisms that had reduced the people to pauperism or brigandage, and the higher traits of modern civilization are being slowly diffused. Liberty of conscience prevails from the Vaudois valleys to the Sicilian Straits. The anathemas of the Jesuits and the Pope are contemned by the rejoicing Italians. The common-school system is slowly driving the brigands from the Abruzzi, and rousing the lazzaroni of Naples to unaccustomed labor. No nation has accomplished greater physical improvements within a few years than the Italians. The Cavour Canal has given fertility to the barren fields of Piedmont; the tunnel at Mont Cenis is the most remarkable of modern engineering labors. Railroads, once denounced by Gregory XVI. as the instruments of Satan, have penetrated the peninsula, liberated Rome, and given new life to ports that have slept untenanted since the fall of the empire. Yet to undo all this will be the future aim of the Jesuits. To destroy the new civilization of Italy, to pour into its borders the bigoted armies of France, to restore the temporal power of the Pope, and revive a clerical despotism that must reduce the country to endless anarchy and decay, is the open purpose of the Papal Church; nor will its malignant schemes ever be checked until it is rescued from the control of the society of Loyola.

In Germany the fate of the Jesuits has no doubt been well deserved. They had flung down into the heart of the united country the elements of religious discord. The dogmas of infallibility and of papal supremacy have been forced upon German Catholics as the foundations of their faith. Whoever doubts is an excommunicate and accursed; an interdict rests upon the land for all who deny the favorite doctrines of the Jesuits, and refuse obedience to an infallible Pope. And the German bishops, many of whom three years ago were the active opponents of the new dogmas, who derided infallibility, and asserted the rights of their order, have been forced by threats of excommunication, of deposition, and of papal censures to yield to the decree of the imperious society. He who rejects the Jesuit dogmas is denied the last rites of his Church, of burial in consecrated ground, of all share in the papal communion; and in a recent instance a priest refused to exhibit the Host in a German cathedral until two well-known and eminent opponents of the papal infallibility had been excluded from its precincts. He declared aloud to the congregation that the rite would be desecrated and defiled by the presence of such dangerous heretics. With the fierce bigotry of Gregory or Innocent, the Pope once more interferes in the conduct of nations, and his obedient bishops every where yield to his threats. The German government has at once suppressed the Jesuits and their affiliated orders, the authors of the aggressive movements of the papacy. It has resolved to protect its Catholic subjects against the interdicts and the excommunications of a papal dreamer, and drive from the land the chief enemies of all honest government. The Jesuit schools throughout Germany have been broken up; the various affiliated orders are dissolved. Yet it is believed that political as well as religious aims have governed the conduct of the mysterious society; that the Jesuits have resolved upon the destruction of the German as well as Italian unity, and are laboring to bring bloodshed and ruin across the Rhine into the country they most hate and fear.

Still more disastrous to the Jesuitical plans have been the reform of Austria, the revolution in Spain, and the republican vigor of alarmed Switzerland. Never since the days of Bonnivard and Farel has republican Geneva repelled with more spirit the claim of the papacy to appoint its bishops or to control its Catholic subjects, and the dangerous intrusion of the papal power into the affairs of the Swiss has been met by a just indignation. Here, too, the rage of the people and of the government has been turned against the Jesuits as the disturbers of the public peace, the source of the new arrogance of the papal rulers; and the most liberal of politicians, the Swiss republicans, who have long made their prosperous country the asylum of the oppressed, have felt themselves forced to prohibit the teaching and break up the seminaries of the mysterious order. Had the Jesuits been good citizens or faithful subjects, they would certainly have met with no molestation in Geneva or Berlin. Unhappy Spain, torn by the intrigues of reactionary Romish priests, of unprincipled French politicians, and by domestic crime, has at least made an enormous advance in the theory of education and of politics; and the half-heretical, defiant position of the Austrian people has torn from the papacy its chief support. Once the Austrian bayonets and Austrian politicians sustained Gregory XVI. or Pius IX. on the pontifical throne by cruel massacres of Italian patriots. The prisons of Bologna and Ancona have many a sad legend to tell of Austrian intolerance; and it is with intense vexation that the ultramontane faction in the Romish Church must now see the Austrian school-masters defy the papal maledictions, and the spirit of toleration and progress rule in the councils of Vienna.

Yet the ambitious society of Loyola in the midst of its disasters is full of triumph. It has gained the goal toward which it has struggled for three centuries. It is the master of the Papal Church. The real ruler of the countless legions of Romish bishops and priests in every land is not the feeble and garrulous old man who descants to Irish or French deputations upon his own infallibility at the Vatican, but the silent and astute General of the Jesuits, who at the Gesú, surrounded by a throng of busy clerks and secretaries, receives the reports of his emissaries from all the regions of the world, and issues his orders to his obedient followers. Never was a despotism so complete as his, or powers so immense centred in a single hand. Whoever refuses to admit the Jesuit dogmas in all the Roman Catholic communion is cut off from the benefits of his Church, deprived of what to him is Christian burial, and cast out to be tormented with the heretics. If he is a priest, he is "interdicted"—he is degraded and accursed. And the Bishop of Oxford related some years ago that there were nearly eight hundred of these interdicted priests at Paris, the victims of the Jesuits, who were obliged to maintain themselves as cab-drivers, laborers, or oftener by begging. If he is a bishop, he submits and violates his conscience; and for the layman there is no escape except revolt. The General of the mysterious order rules in silence and secrecy. When the public schools are to be assailed in New York, he gives the unseen signal. When a revolution is to be fostered in Mexico or Guatemala, the impulse comes from Rome. When Ireland is to be roused to fury, or France incited to a crusade across the Rhine, the blind and fanatical dictator of the secret society has only to give the order to his secretary. The Romish priests and bishops of every land grovel at his feet. But the question must still suggest itself, How long will the intelligent Catholics of Europe and America submit to the Jesuit control? It seems almost incredible that sincere and pious men should obey forever a society that has been condemned by the Roman Church as well as the voice of history, whose morals were long ago pronounced infamous, and whose existence was declared dangerous to the welfare of mankind.

FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

Rob and I were playmates once,
Together used to laugh and cry:
A youth and maiden are we now—
Oh dear, the years so swiftly fly!
We used to play at lovers, too,
When we were children gay and free;
And now, the rogue, he quite insists
That he should still—my lover be.

I really can't make up my mind
To quarrel with the foolish boy,
For maybe, if he went away,
My life would lose one-half its joy.
And if the question I should try
To argue with him, why, you see,
In argument, e'en when a child,
Rob always got the best of me.

So now what would you really do?
Rob has a word of all I say;
And, after all, my heart inclines
To let him have his own dear way.
Oh, how persistent men can be!
What can a timid maiden do?
I think, just for the sake of peace,
I'd better yield the point—don't you?

WHICH?

It was near the close of the afternoon "service." The sunshine slanted in through the windows of the church, touching with gold the edges of the Christmas holly that still wreathed the pulpit, and forming paths of dusty brightness over the heads of the congregation. There were the usual number of sleepy farmers, upright and dozing deacons, tired children, and housewives in remarkable bonnets; there was the "choir," indulging stealthily in peppermints that were being distributed by the "tenor," and there was the inevitable collection of smartly dressed youths anxious for the conclusion of the discourse.

Jeannette Ross, sitting demurely between her mother at the head and her father at the foot of the family pew, with her mite of a brother, Freddy, at her side, had not found the sermon long. In the first place, she knew that she was looking unusually pretty in her new-trimmed winter suit; secondly, she was carrying on two silent flirtations at once, and flirtations realized Jeannette's idea of heaven.

There was John Palmer in the gallery, pretending to listen to the sermon, but in reality watching her, and smiling behind his hymn-book when she looked that way; and there was young Mr. Stewart, getting very earnest in his sermon, and pointing the most emphatic sentences with an involuntary glance at her. Jeannette hadn't the ghost of an idea what the sermon was about, but she liked to have Mr. Stewart look at her, and so she managed to appear profoundly attentive, now and then seizing a favorable opportunity to smile at the gallery.

Jeannette's reflections were practical. In the first place, Mr. Stewart had been invited to take tea with them that night, and Jeannette was sure he meant to propose. Every glance she received from the pulpit made it seem more probable. And if he should, what then? Jeannette looked from the pulpit to the gallery, and —did not know. He was as handsome as John Palmer, and he knew a great deal more; he was "the minister," and any girl would be proud to marry him, and besides—she liked him. But there was John!—John telegraphing to her to wait in the porch after service for him to walk home with her. "And *he* has half proposed already," thought Jeannette, distractedly; "and I really don't know whether I like him better or not. Oh dear!"

With this prospect Jeannette was sorry when the benediction was pronounced. Nevertheless, she would have been inconsistent enough to be angry if she had not seen John waiting behind the convenient screen of a pillar. Farmer Ross stood holding his horse while his wife and Freddy were established on the back seat of the sleigh. Mr. Stewart was approaching, doing his best to get rid of one of his elderly parishioners, when Jeannette, pausing on the church steps, remarked,

"I'm going to walk. It's too pleasant a day for riding."

"Nonsense!" began Mrs. Ross; but she was interrupted by the approach of Mr. Stewart, who apologized for his delay, after shaking hands all round.

"I did my best not to keep you waiting, but, you see, I failed."

"Oh, that's no account," responded Mr. Ross, heartily.—"Well, Jeannette, are you goin' to git in, or not?"

"I think I'd better walk," said Jeannette, wishing she had made good her escape five minutes ago. "It's such a pleasant day!"

"So it is," said Mr. Stewart; continuing, "I believe I shall ask the privilege of walking with you, if you have no objections. I always have a severe headache after preaching," he added, explanatorily.

Mrs. Ross's face grew gracious, and Jeannette, inwardly indignant as she saw John still waiting, was obliged to assent and accept the minister's offered arm. "Why couldn't he be contented with the evening, and leave John the afternoon? Where was the harm in having two beaux in one day? And now John would be angry, of course!"

Jeannette was not agreeable during the walk. Arrived at home, however, she recovered her equanimity, and descended to supper with renewed smiles. I leave the supper and the conversation that enlivened it to the imagination of the reader. After it was finished Farmer Ross and his son Ben excused themselves, with primitive politeness, on the plea of having to go for the implements to be used in the morrow's campaign of cutting ice, so Mrs. Ross, alone, settled herself comfortably by the fire to "entertain the minister," who made himself agreeable in a certain careless, easy way of his own, and who looked —Jeannette decided this as she set the last dish away in the cupboard—"almost as handsome as John Palmer."

When she joined the two at the fire she found them discussing the theory of universal salvation. "Here was a pleasant prospect!" thought the young lady, seating herself with a toss of the brown curls. "If John were here he'd be likely to find other things to talk about." But further speculation was interrupted by a knock at the door. Jeannette opened it, and admitted a lank country youth, who became purple with embarrassment as he caught sight of the minister.

"Oh, Miss Ross," he began, nervously, "kin you come over?—cos mother's took sick, and there ain't nobody to hum—leastways nobody but me."

"Get me my rubbers, Jeannette!" exclaimed Mrs. Ross, energetically.—"What's the matter with your mother?"

"Dunno. Suthin like a fit."

"A fit!" echoed Mrs. Ross from the entry, out of which she came equipped in shawl and pumpkin hood. "Mercy!—You'll excuse me, Mr. Stewart; this is the Lord's business, you know. I'll be back presently."

The minister devoutly hoped she would not be back, as he and Jeannette turned back to the fire well satisfied with the change of programme. The latter, not knowing precisely what to say, broke the pause that ensued by making a desperate attack on the fire, turning over the log with much exertion, and letting it fall with a crash that covered her white apron with sparks and cinders, whereupon she uttered a provoked ejaculation:

"Dear me!"

The minister smiled, but noting the pouting lips and soiled hands, grew graver.

"Why didn't you let me lift the log? It is too heavy for you."

"Oh, it's of no consequence. These open fires are so bothersome!" And Jeannette shook her apron wrathfully.

"But very pretty," said Mr. Stewart, looking not at the fire, but at Jeannette's flushed face. "Don't you think so?" he added, after a moment. Upon which Jeannette, quite conscious of the glance and its meaning, said, innocently, that "she didn't know, she was sure;" and thus conversation commenced.

The lights and shadows played softly over the old-fashioned furniture and pictures, and were reflected redly from the bunches of dried globes in the antique vases on the mantel. The minister, at the end of the lounge, was very near Jeannette, and she, leaning back in the low rocking-chair, nervously plaited the frill of her apron.

I said conversation commenced, but it was interspersed with pauses. Pause number six was broken by the minister:

"Are you fond of skating, Miss Jeannette?"

"Yes indeed, very, but I haven't skated yet, for Ben has just had my skates mended."

"And I sent home for mine last week. There is to be a skating party at Forest Pond to-morrow night. May I have the pleasure of escorting you?"

Jeannette, looking down to hide the sparkle in her eyes, assented.

"I suppose you think it strange for a minister to skate?" was the next remark.

"N-no. Skating isn't like betting and horse-racing."

"Not precisely," was the amused response. "I may be wrong, but I can not help thinking that a minister has as much right to indulge in innocent amusements as any one who hears him preach."

Jeannette, finding a reply necessary, said, emphatically, "Yes, of course ministers wanted to have a good time. Why shouldn't they? She was sure *she* didn't think it was wrong."

"I am very glad you don't," said her companion, bending a little nearer. "I should not like to do any thing you disapprove."

His wicked listener "guessed he was the only one who thought much of *her* opinion! He knew a hundred times as much as *she* did!"

"Ah, I wish I knew as much as you give me credit for. But, Miss Jeannette, if I were the wisest man in the world I should still care just as much to have *you* think well of me."

Jeannette turned scarlet, sure that the catastrophe was approaching.

"Do you know," said the minister, leaning forward to try to get a glimpse of the rosy, averted face—"do you know *why* I should care?"

At this critical juncture came a "sudden and unexpected" knock at the door, which brought Jeannette to her feet and her companion's speech to a close. Inwardly thankful that the curtains were down, the first, with her cheeks dyed deeper still, hastened to open it, while the minister sat very erect in the middle of the lounge. One of the pillars of the church entered in the person of Deacon Chambers, who advanced, stamping the snow from his feet and beaming good-will over his red comforter. The deacon said afterward that the minister was a "little stiff" that night. He had come upon urgent parish business, and so the minister went away with him, under protest, leaving Jeannette in a whirl of ideas hard to enumerate.

At precisely half past eight the following morning Jeannette stood at the door of the village post-office reading a note, which ran thus:

> "MY DEAR MISS JEANNETTE,—I had no opportunity of speaking to you yesterday, although I hoped for the pleasure of attending you home. There is to be a famous 'skate' up at Forest Pond to-night. Will you allow me to escort you there? I hope you will go. The skating is magnificent, and I have something especial to say to you. *Don't stay at home.*
>
> "Yours, in all consideration, J. PALMER."

Jeannette slipped the note into her pocket with a laugh. What was to be done? Why, go with Mr. Stewart, of course, and write a note to John smoothing the affair over. So, in the high glee caused by the immediate prospect of two "offers," she wrote the following letter to John Palmer:

> "MR. PALMER,—I have just received your note, and am sorry to say I have just engaged to go with Mr. Stewart. I was very much vexed yesterday that I had to go home with him instead of waiting for you. I shall see you to-night, and will tell you all about it.
>
> "In haste, JEANNETTE ROSS."

Any one who had seen Jeannette that night when Mr. Stewart was putting on her skates would have said that the costume she hastily improvised was a success. As for the minister, he had been a "lion" before, but he used his skates with a dexterity that amazed the professionals. While he was beset by an admiring crowd, Jeannette suddenly found John Palmer at her side.

"I didn't know that I should have the chance to speak to you to-night," was his gloomy remark. "What does that minister want here? Can't you skate off with me? I have been waiting an hour."

"Not just yet. I haven't been here ten minutes. It wouldn't look well."

"Who cares what looks well! Come—won't you?"

Jeannette wavered, and while she wavered came a shout from the crowd around Mr. Stewart.

"The minister skates well, doesn't he?" she said, maliciously.

"Passably. Never mind the minister. I want to speak to you."

"Well, John, you see, I *must* skate with him first. And here they all come now."

"But you had *rather* skate with me, hadn't you?"

"Why—yes, of course."

"I have been proposing to Miss Jeannette," said John, advancing toward the approaching group, "that we have a race across the pond to the opposite end, where the boys have made a bonfire. The distance around the sides is about the same. What do you say?"

The proposal being received enthusiastically, John followed up the victory by a bold stroke:

"Mr. Stewart, will you head the opposite party?"

The minister looked up in surprise at this nomination, and inquired, with a hardly perceptible smile,

"Do we select our followers?"

"Why, no. There's no fairness about that. Let every one choose his own side, say I."

Amidst the confusion that followed, the minister came over to where Jeannette was cutting little curves in the ice with her skates.

"Are you going to desert me?" he asked.

And Jeannette stammered,

"I—I don't know. I guess I've been drafted for this company."

The two lines were formed, the word was given, and the noisy companies started on their career. John Palmer was a grand skater. He sped away in a course strong, steady, and swift as an arrow, at the head of his faction. Jeannette's quick, light strokes could hardly have kept her at his side without the aid of his supporting arm.

"We must outskate them," he said, "and wait behind the bend while they pass." So they wasted little breath in conversation for the first half mile, until they left the last dark figure well behind, and wheeling around a sharp corner, glided into the deep shadows of the maples.

"Hist!" said John, laughing; "hear them coming, straining every nerve to catch us! Let Mr. Stewart win the race if he wants to. He may win any thing he likes—if he doesn't win you!" he added, tenderly.

Jeannette shook her curls down to hide a smile, and said, "What nonsense!" as they skated slowly out to the centre of the pond.

"I wish it was nonsense! The whole village rings with it. They talk of nothing but you and that abominable minister!"

"He isn't abominable at all. I'm sure they like him very much at home."

"And you too. I haven't a doubt *you're* very fond of him!" was the indignant rejoinder. "If he don't look out I'll teach him his place—I will, upon my word!"

"I wouldn't take the trouble," Jeannette said, merrily. "It isn't worth while."

"Worth while? If you care for him it's worth while. I declare I—"

The little gloved hand on his arm was withdrawn, and an indignant voice said, "You *know* I don't care for him, John!" Then Jeannette skated off with renewed velocity, having thus tempted on the event.

"I wish I knew something else," he said, regaining his place at her side and suddenly arresting her progress. "Jeannette, you know I love you—tell me truly whether you care for me! I mean enough—to—marry me."

Jeannette, breathless with excitement and exertion, struggled in vain to free herself, and said, petulantly,

"Don't, John! Don't bother me!"

"Bother you? Does it bother you to have me say I love you? Come, tell me, Jeannette—yes, or no?"

Jeannette, in desperation, spoke the literal truth:

"I—I don't know. Let me go, John—there's some one over there!"

"By Heaven, it's the opposite party! And Stewart's among them. This way, quick!"

Forest Pond was long and very narrow. The two had incontinently skated almost straight across it, and had thus come in contact with the racers on the other side, who, although considerably ahead, recognized them in the bright moonlight, and with a mischievous "view halloo," joined in a common pursuit. John and Jeannette, wheeling hastily, skated back toward their starting-point.

"Never mind," said John, glancing over his shoulder, and seeing that they were losing in the close race; "we'll make some excuse or other."

One moment more and the woods, the ice, the lights, danced before Jeannette's eyes. There was a cry of warning, then darkness, and the two who had been skimming over the ice vanished from sight.

When Jeannette began to recover consciousness she found herself in somebody's arms, and heard indistinctly some one calling her his darling, his little Jeannette. Approaching nearer the material world, she became aware of sky, ice, fire, and Mr. Stewart bending over her and chafing her hands; and remembering the darkness and chill, Jeannette, scarcely knowing what she did, shuddered and nestled closer in the arms that held her.

"My own darling! My poor little bird! Can't you speak to me?"

Jeannette was perfectly willing to stay silent and let him caress her. Too much confused in mind to remember that John, too, had skated into the pond, she thought, with a queer sensation of wonder, that she was glad now she had not accepted John, because she would have had to refuse Mr. Stewart, and she did not want to do that.

The noise of approaching voices startled her presently, and she sat upright with a sudden effort, while the minister exclaimed, joyfully, "You are better!"

Ah, Jeannette! Who can tell what impulse of contrariness made her lift a pair of astonished eyes to the minister's face and stammer, "I—I —thought it was Mr. Palmer!"

An instant later she would have given worlds to have recalled that speech. Mr. Stewart sprang to his feet, and stood looking at her with a fixedness and pallor in his face that alarmed her. After a moment he said, in a voice unlike his own, in its sudden coldness, "I beg your pardon, Miss Ross. I thought you knew me.—Is my sleigh ready?" he inquired, curtly, of one of those approaching.

"Yes, Sir; just there by the woods."

In a moment more Jeannette was in the sleigh, wrapped in a multitude of robes. The minister sprang in beside her, and checked his horse to inquire, "Is Mr. Palmer quite recovered?"

"Ay, ay! He's got a main bad blow on the head. Lord, Mr. Stewart, you ain't going to ride home with your clothes freezing on you! They're soaked!—Jim, bring some buffalers."

"I do very well," said the minister, starting the horse with an impatient cut of the whip.

Jeannette crouched among her wrappings like a guilty thing, glancing sideways at her companion's white face and set lips. She understood now that she owed him her life, and—worse yet —that she loved him. If he would only speak to her! He must—he should!

"Did you—did you—take me out of the water, Mr. Stewart?"

"I was nearest you when you skated in. I did what I could. That is nothing."

"It is a great deal to me. I don't know how to thank you."

"You need not thank me. I hope you will not be ill from the exposure," he said, urging the horse.

Silence. Jeannette tried hard to keep from crying.

"Are you angry with me, Mr. Stewart?"

"How should I be angry?" said the minister, surprised. "On the contrary, I have to beg your pardon for my own unwarrantable boldness. As

I said before, I supposed you knew who was speaking to you all the while."

"I—I—did know," confessed Jeannette, her face hidden in the convenient fringe of the carriage robes.

Mr. Stewart looked at her in amazement.

"You *did know?* And said you thought it was Mr. Palmer! What could I think except that—"

He said no more, for Jeannette was crying, wetting the drenched curls anew with bitter tears; and Mr. Stewart did not belong to the class who can see a woman cry unmoved. And then Jeannette, prefacing with a miserable "I didn't mean any thing wrong," gave him a full history of the evening. And I suppose the minister forgave her, for the next Christmas the gossips of the town lamented that "Mr. Stewart had actually married that little flirt of a Jeannette Ross."

A NEW ZEALAND GHOST.

The following story was told to a group of men seated, one bleak evening, round a camp fire in a desolate region of New Zealand. The narrator, Pat Kennedy, was an Irishman who had seen many adventures in the course of his wanderings round the world. I repeat the story just as it came from his lips.

You remember, last year I took a lot of horses up to Christchurch, for Maxwell, on the other side of the river. It will be exactly a year the day after to-morrow since I started with them. The weather was much the same as it is now. It had been blowing hard from the northwest, and the river was very high, and we had been waiting for some days, unable to cross. Knowing that we were likely to have a tough job taking the horses—which were mostly young and wild—off the run where they had been bred, we thought it better to ride over to the river the day before we started, and look out for a good crossing, so as to be able to drive them straight there at once. Accordingly, a year ago to-morrow, Maxwell, Jim Wright, and I started, taking old White with us, to find a suitable place to cross the river.

I don't know whether you remember Maxwell's old Scotch shepherd, White. Oh, you do. Then you know what a stiff, hard, wiry old chap he was. Like most ignorant Scotchmen, he was very superstitious—I say ignorant, but I believe all Scotchmen are alike in that respect, and believe more or less in ghosts, second-sight, and other uncanny things, much as black fellows believe in "debble, debble"—and used to say that what he called the "gift"—Lord defend me from such a "gift!"—of second-sight was in his family; that his father, grandfather, and as far back as only a Scotchman can trace it, had it; and although he never, so far as I know, positively said he also inherited it, yet he evidently thought and rather implied so.

He did not look very imaginative, did he? That hard, yellow, leathery, lantern-jawed face, with high cheek-bones; glittering cold gray eyes; long, lank, straight sandy hair; his face destitute of beard and eyebrows; his figure short, stooping, spare, and wiry—always reminding me of Don Quixote, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance—appeared to be too commonplace to be imaginative; and I much doubt if he ever gave a thought beyond the wonder as to what had become of the "twa wee bits o' black yowes" that he has as marked sheep. Well, you know Maxwell is not more superstitious than other people, nor do I think that I am.

As I said before, we took old White with us to look for a suitable ford, knowing that he was a first-rate hand in a river, and that as he had charge of the sheep on the island, and was in the habit of crossing two or three times every week, he was better acquainted with the river than any one on the station.

We came to the river nearly where we crossed to-day, and after trying several places without success, we found one which we thought would suit us, and Maxwell rode down alone to look at it, leaving us on the river-bank. He had some distance to go, and, when he turned to go into the stream, was perhaps more than a quarter of a mile from where we stood. Then he had to ride for some little way along a narrow, shallow spit, where the water was just above his horse's knees, before he got to the deep part; but as there was nothing except a cabbage-tree here and there between us and him, we had a very distinct view of his movements.

I was talking to Wright, and, as we were anxious to get back to the station before sunset, had just asked him what time it was. I remember he said that it was ten minutes past three, when White started, and turning round, said, suddenly,

"Wha' can that body be, Maister Kennedy, that's walking forenainst Maister Maxweel?"

I could see Maxwell as plainly as I see you, but there was no one else to be seen, and I said so to White, but the old man seemed to be surprised at my thinking him mistaken.

"Hoots, mon! dinna ye see him wi' his haund on Bob's mane? Ye maun be bleend, mon," persisted he. And turning to Wright, he added, "Can ye no see him, Maister Wright? He's jist walking along wi' Maister Maxweel, wi' the water rinning ower his knees. He's gotten some kind o' dark claithes on; but I dinna ken him, and I'm sure he's no ain o' our folk."

Of course I thought it was a cabbage-tree he saw, and tried to persuade him that it was so; but he insisted that it was a man he saw, and kept wondering that we could not see him also, and making remarks about his movements.

"Noo they are getting mair intil the thick o' the stream, and he has taen holt o' Maister Maxweel's stirrup-leather, and the water is getting unco deep for him, and he—ech! Lord, mon, he's doon under the water, and Maister Maxweel has na missed him frae his side, for he does na turn his heed. Preserve us—he'll be drowned!"

And so saying, he galloped off to where Maxwell was, leaving Wright and I amazed, and half inclined to think he had gone mad.

Presently Maxwell and he returned to where we were. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget White's face at that moment. His lips were as white as a sheet, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head with horror and fear, and when he tried to speak, although his lips moved, no sound came from them. Maxwell, too, looked puzzled.

"What is all this White has got into his head about seeing a man with me in the river? I don't understand what he means, and can't make him out," he said.

I told him what White had said, and how positive he had been about seeing the man. We talked it over, and of course agreed that it was nothing but fancy; but I don't think, to tell the truth, any of us felt very comfortable. Still, we laughed at White, and this had the good effect of bringing him round to himself again; but we could not get him to say it might be imagination, and he remained as positive as ever that he had seen some one.

Next morning we started early with the horses. White was to have given us a helping hand over the river, but he positively refused to do so, and we had to leave him at home. Maxwell came; and after we had crossed I rode back with him to the river-side, getting directions about selling the horses.

Just as I had said good-by, and was turning to leave him, he cried out,

"Good Heavens, Pat, what is that lying in the water? It looks like the body of a man."

And there, sure enough, close by the spot where White said he saw the man disappear the day before, lay the body of a man, in a dark blue shirt and dark trowsers, cold and dead, with its poor white bleached face turned up to heaven, and the current trickling over it and waving the hair, and giving it a ghastly and mocking appearance of life which I shall never forget, and which often haunts me still. Some days afterward we learned that on the same day, and at what must have been the same hour, that old White declared he saw the man swept away, a man was drowned when trying to ford the river on foot some miles farther up the stream.

Kennedy stopped speaking, and for some minutes no one broke the silence. There was not much in Pat's tale, except that it was true, and told on the spot where it happened, and that we were sitting round a small flickering fire, surrounded by a heavy darkness impenetrable as eternity, with no sound to break the silence but the distant and wavering rush of the river, and now and then the sudden startling screech of the "weeka," or native hen; and perhaps it is due to these circumstances that it made so deep and lasting an impression on me.

"Do you know what has become of White?" I asked.

"Yes," said Pat, "I do. Soon after he saw the 'ghost' he left Maxwell, and went home to his native village. Somehow he could not settle there, and I believe he went back to Victoria again. One thing is certain, he does not intend coming back here again."

"I think, Pat, you deserve the thanks of this meeting for giving us your experience in the spirit line, for it has helped to pass away the time."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Not long ago, while the cold of our severe winter was penetrating even the homes of comfort and wealth, a teacher in one of the industrial schools of our city received a note containing these words, "My children have to go to school this morning without any thing to eat." It was written by the mother of three of the pupils. Immediate investigation was made, and a family of six persons were found absolutely destitute of food and fuel. The father had been a clerk, and was a good penman and accountant, but had been out of employment for some time. One of the sons was cash-boy in one of our large dry-goods shops. The four dollars he earned each week was substantially all the income they had received for months, from which pitiful sum nine dollars a month was paid for rent. The children had for two or three years attended the industrial school, but hitherto the family had never asked for help. They were reluctant to make known their wants, and it was only dire necessity that compelled the mother to inform her children's teacher of their condition. This is by no means a solitary case; it is but one of many. All charitable associations agree in the opinion that the past winter has been an almost unprecedented one for the number of men out of employment. It is not merely the improvident and the intemperate who have suffered; many a worthy family, striving to be industrious and prudent, have passed the inclement winter with grim want staring them in the face. Not a few, especially of those who have been in better circumstances, will endure extreme suffering rather than apply for assistance. Women who earn by sewing only the merest pittance; families unable to obtain means of support, yet striving to keep together; the aged, the crippled, and the sick, pining for nourishing food and for medical attendance—such cases are constantly discovered through the instrumentality of our various charitable societies, and of our mission and industrial schools. Donations, through any of these avenues, of money or clothing will afford relief to numerous sufferers.

Drawings and plans are now being prepared for a new National Theatre, which is to be built in Washington, and is promised to be ready for the fall season. It is said that all improvements which time and experience can suggest will be combined in the new building. It is at least to be hoped that it will be fireproof.

The proprietors of suppressed gambling saloons from Baden-Baden and Homburg seem to be roaming around in search of a local habitation. In various parts of Switzerland they have made persistent efforts. They offered to rebuild the church in Massonger, in the Rhone Valley, and to keep its poor off the parish for the next twenty years, if it will grant permission for the establishment of a gambling hell within its limits. Chatillon and Lausanne were thought favorable places, and offers have been made to the Conseil d'État promising special compensation if a location were allowed. All offers have been rejected.

The residents of London have awakened to a sense that they are being swindled by the metropolitan gas companies. Meetings of delegates from different districts have been called, and the general feeling is that they will not longer submit to the imposition.

The extent of the emigration from Germany has recently given rise to serious apprehension among public and government authorities. Not long ago there was a debate on this subject in the German Diet, during which certain members urged the government to take measures to prevent emigration from continuing at the present rate. Consul Hunt expressed the opinion that the only official means open for putting a stop to excessive emigration, more especially from certain districts where its effects are prejudicial to the interests of the community, is the introduction of measures for speedily improving the social, industrial, and agricultural condition of the inhabitants, so that the unsatisfactory state of their native country at least may not be the chief reason which induces the inhabitants to seek for better means of living and greater social and political advantages in transatlantic lands.

Buffalo hunters in Kansas have suffered terribly from the cold and exposure they have endured during the past winter. Not long since six of them reached Leavenworth in a most distressing condition. They were entirely helpless, and their limbs had been so terribly frozen that amputation was necessary in almost every case.

It has been often stated that no authentic telegram from the Emperor of Germany exists in which it is said that Napoleon had surrendered to him his sword. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* now says that the second telegram addressed by the Emperor William to the Empress Augusta on the 1st of September, 1870, at 7.15 P.M., from the battle-field of Sedan, never reached its destination. The bearer lost his way. The contents of the telegram were: "To Queen Augusta, at Berlin. Battle-field of Sedan, September 1, 1870, 7.15 P.M.—The French army is shut up in Sedan, and the Emperor Napoleon has surrendered to me his sword. I have accepted it, and demand the capitulation of the army as prisoners of war. God has visibly blessed us. William."

Samples of air taken from various public school-rooms in our city have been lately subjected to chemical analysis for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of carbonic acid and other impurities contained in them. Seventeen of these samples showed a presence of carbonic acid ranging in amount from nine to thirty-five parts in ten thousand parts of air. The standard of permissible impurity has been placed by high sanitary authority at six parts of carbonic acid in ten thousand of air. Hence it is very evident that the system of ventilation in our school-rooms is very defective; and the health of the rising generation demands that the best talent should be engaged immediately in designing and perfecting means to secure more adequate and thorough ventilation in all school buildings.

Texas and Nevada have no normal schools, but every other State in the Union has them. The whole number of normal institutions in the United States is one hundred and fourteen; and connected with these schools are ten thousand nine hundred and twenty-two pupils, and four hundred and forty-five teachers.

The reasons why men do not marry—according to the showing of a reverend Bostonian—are: 1st. Because they can't get the one they want. 2d. Because many of them are cowards. 3d. Because they are skeptical in regard to woman. 4th. They are selfish. 5th. They firmly believe in woman's extravagance.

Harvard University has received about $150,000 toward repairing her losses in the great fire.

It is well known that the killing or the sale of game is prohibited at certain periods of the year by the laws of this State. The New York Association for the Preservation of Game offers a liberal reward for such information of any infraction of the game-laws as will secure a conviction. The following data may prove useful:

"Quail can not be sold or had in possession between the 1st day of March and the 20th day of October, under a penalty of $25 for each bird.

"Prairie-chicken and partridge can not be sold or had in possession between the 1st day of March and the 1st day of September, under a penalty of $25 for each bird.

"Woodcock can not be sold or had in possession between the 1st day of February and the 3d day of July, under a penalty of $50 for each bird.

"Brook trout can not be sold or had in possession between the 15th day of September and the 15th day of March, under a penalty of $25 for each fish."

There is also another provision of law which sportsmen should remember:

"There shall be no shooting or hunting, or having in possession in the open air the implements for shooting, on the first day of the week, called Sunday, and any person violating the provisions of this section shall be liable to a penalty of not more than $25, nor less than $10, for each offense."

The latest statuette group by Mr. John Rogers is entitled "The Favorite Scholar." It consists of three figures—a young school-master explaining a problem to a pretty girl, and a mischievous boy who is watching the absorbed couple.

A lady was recently carried from a ball in London in a state of complete prostration, caused by the poisonous emanations from the green dress she wore.

A pleasant story is told of the bravery of a Wisconsin brakeman. A train was snowed up about seven miles from Calmar, and the passengers were suffering from hunger, with no provisions at hand. A brakeman named James Wilson, taking thirty pounds of crackers and cheese, set out from Calmar to walk to the train. The wind blew a gale, the thermometer marked twenty-seven below zero, and the road was a hard one to travel. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, Wilson persevered until exhausted, and with face and ears badly frozen he reached the train. Among the passengers was Mr. John Lawlor, of Prairie du Chien, who had some ladies under his care. Mr. Lawlor applied snow to the frozen face of Wilson, and did all that was needed to restore him as much as possible. Mr. Lawlor then took from his own neck a massive gold chain, which he had worn for a long time, and putting it around Wilson's neck, remarked, "It's a pretty good man that has worn that chain, but I've found a better, and he shall have it." The chain is reputed to be worth up among the hundreds of dollars, and was a handsome present worthily bestowed.

"Many do not appear to understand," remarks a recent writer, "that politeness requires a greater attention to the feelings of others than to mere forms."

Palestine is now being explored by Lieutenant Steever, of the United States army, assisted by a corps of scientific Americans. His head-quarters are at Kerak, on the east of the river Jordan. About $10,000 have been already given toward the thorough exploration of Moab, which is to be the special field of labor during the spring.

A young man in Portland, Maine, was recently taken ill, with unmistakable symptoms of lead poisoning. Physicians were summoned, and it appeared that he had been wounded by a Minie-ball in 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness, and at that time the bullet could not be found. An examination being again made at this time, it was discovered in the thigh. It was worn and smoothly polished, and evidently a sufficient amount of lead had permeated the system to produce the poisoning, which doubtless in a short time would have proved fatal.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A paper recently alluded to a man as a "battle-scared veteran." The compositor was so agitated when the editor made him correct it that he changed it to "bottle-scarred" veteran. And still the veteran in question was not satisfied.

Here we have a good example of French wit: A doctor, like every body else at this season, went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing. "That's the consequence of having neglected your business," observed his wife.

Can a civil engineer inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?

A poet asks, "Where are the dead, the vanished dead, who trod the earth that now we tread?" If we were to make a random guess, we should say the most of them are buried—though this may not be the right answer.

An editor says his ancestors have been in the habit of living a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying that that was before the introduction of capital punishment.

A gushing poet asks in the first line of a recent effusion, "How many weary pilgrims lie?" We give it up; but experience has taught us that there are a good many.

An Irish Trick—Patrick.

A French author has translated a passage from one of Cooper's novels as follows, "He descended from his horse in front of the château and tied him to a large grasshopper." The original reads, "a large locust" (tree).

"James," said a young wife to her husband a few days after marriage, "you were honest enough to tell me that the chimney smoked, but why didn't you tell me that you smoked yourself?"

Men of Color—Painters.

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come?—Parting with things as they go.

Bergh denies that he sleeps in a stall and drinks from a trough, or that he combs his hair with a curry-comb.

Why is a philanthropist like an old horse?—Because he always stops at the sound of woe.

It occurred to a scholar, while writing a composition, to make the remarkable statement that "an ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it can run faster."

A Western editor triumphantly exclaims, "Man shall not live by bread alone," and then acknowledges the receipt of a jug of "old Bourbon."

If seven days make one week, how many days will make one strong?

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow—such a hunky thing, you know; bluing your nose and chilling your toes, as whirling along the street it goes. No silly praise, not any for Joe, for that coldest of frauds, the beautiful snow.

People who are always wishing for something new should try neuralgia.

The man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave off a molasses cask.

The best Thing out—A conflagration.

The young man with presence of mind resides in Detroit. Just as he was lifting his hat to a couple of young ladies on Woodward Avenue a boy ran a sled against his legs, and the fashionable young man turned half a dozen pigeon-wings and came down on all fours. Picking up his hat without so much as a frown, he remarked to the ladies, "I am always subject to these dizzy spells in winter."

Why is an old coat like an iron kettle?—Because it represents hard ware.

"Great is bankruptcy," says Carlyle: "it brings an end to all shams under the sun."

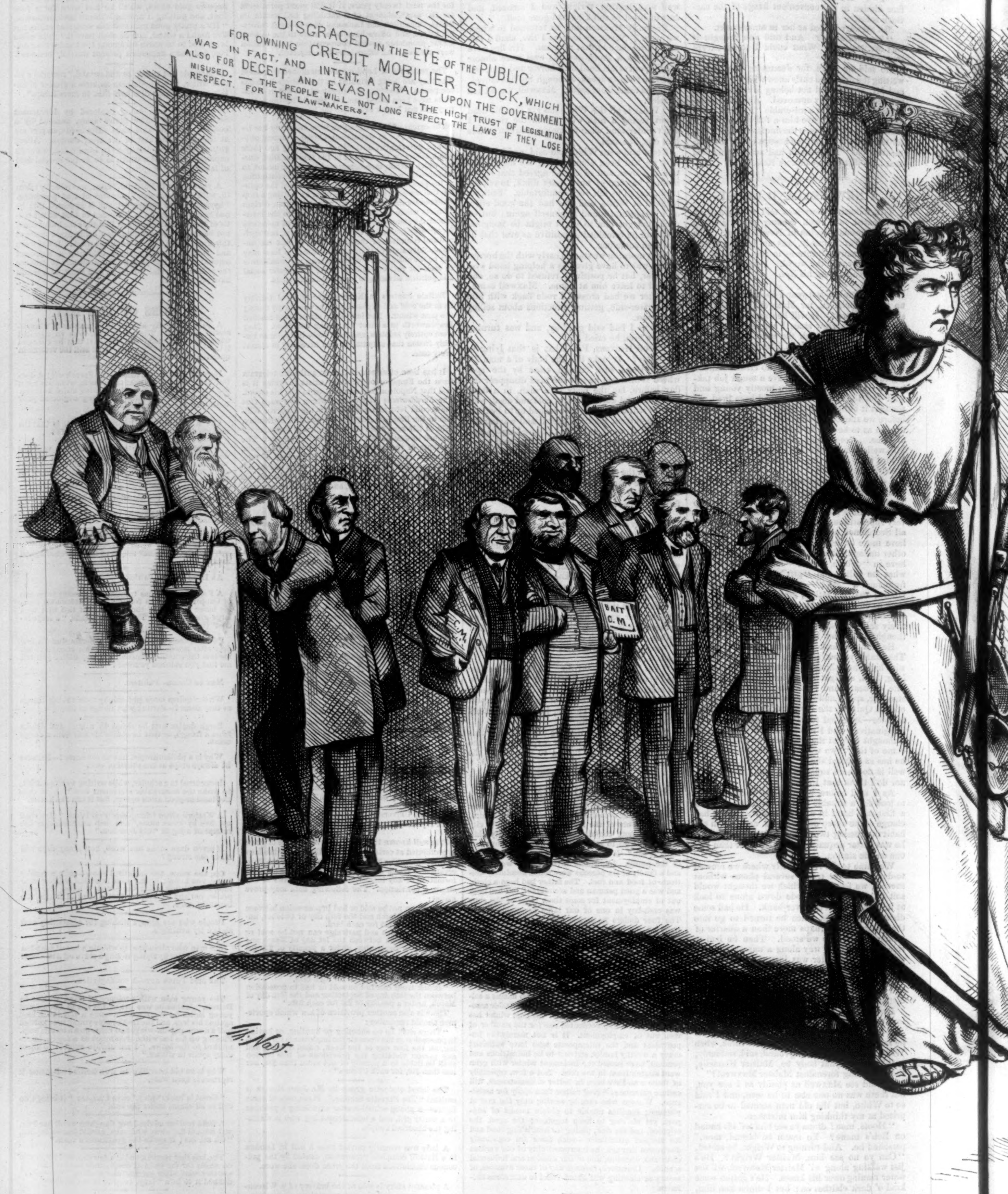
A fond mother advised her daughter to oil her hair, and fainted flat away when that candid damsel replied, "Oh no, ma; it spoils the gentlemen's vests."

The boy that recommended a few drops of panegyric on sugar for the child of disquietude has his match in another who, after successfully spelling "chicanery," defined it to be a "large coop to raise chickens."

A leading Article—A blind man's dog.

California housewives describe soda as "that 'ere stuff which you put in biscuits to make 'em get up and Grecian bend themselves."

A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed, "What shall I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on another breast-pin!"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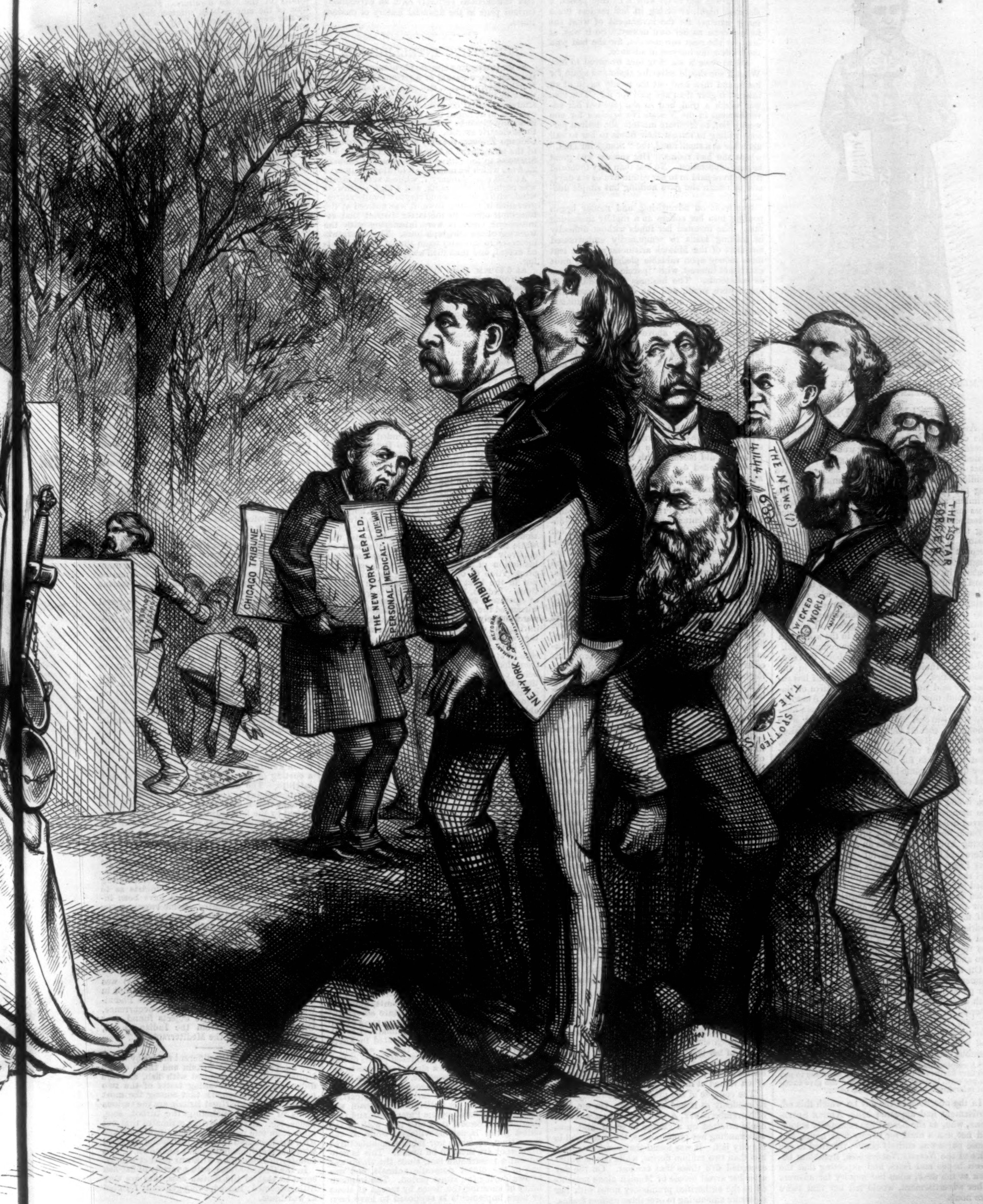
FOR OWNING CREDIT MOBILIER STOCK, WHICH
WAS IN FACT, AND INTENT, A FRAUD UPON THE GOVERNMENT.
ALSO FOR DECEIT AND EVASION.— THE HIGH TRUST OF LEGISLATION
MISUSED. — THE PEOPLE WILL NOT LONG RESPECT THE LAWS IF THEY LOSE
RESPECT. FOR THE LAW-MAKERS.
C.M.
BAIT C.M.
Th. Nast

EVERY PUBLIC QUESTION WITH A E

"Well, the wickedness of all of it is, not that these men were bribed or corruptly influenced, t th
and falsehoods confessed the transaction to be disgraceful."—*New York Tribune*, February 19, 1873.

Justice (*to the Saints of the Press*). "Let him that has not betrayed the trust of the People, and is withou stai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AN EYE ONLY TO THE PUBLIC GOOD.

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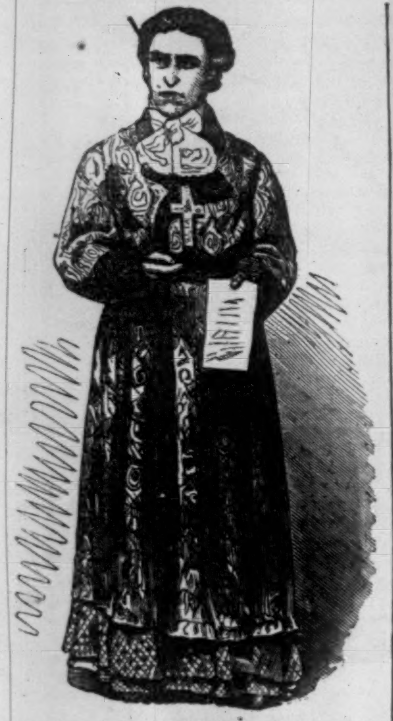
ou stain, cast the first stone."



MLLE. ADELE SPITZEDER, THE FAMOUS GERMAN BANKER.

ADELE SPITZEDER.

Among the prisoners in the city jail of Munich, the capital of Bavaria, there is confined at the present time a comely-looking woman, who is accused of having defrauded the good people of that kingdom of the enormous sum of twelve million florins. Her financial transactions during the past few years, if we may believe the criminal authorities of Bavaria, exceed in boldness and magnitude those of most of the noted questionable financiers of modern times, including those of the famous **John Law**; and her history is exceedingly interesting, not only on account of her humble descent, but also of the singular manner in which she was brought to embark in operations in which she handled upward of forty million florins in gold, of the marvelous credulity of a whole people, who unhesitatingly poured all their hard-earned savings into her coffers, and of the suddenness of her downfall, by which she was transferred from one of the most magnificent palaces in the world to a poorly furnished felon's cell in the common jail.

This remarkable woman was born in 1832, either in Munich or, as others assert, in the United States. At any rate, she herself has repeatedly said now that she was a native of Bavaria, and now that she was born in America. Her parents were strolling players of some ability, who traveled all over Europe, and were among the earliest German singers who visited our shores. They had but one child, **Adele**, the subject of the present sketch, whom they tried to educate for the stage. They believed they discerned some histrionic talent in the girl, and on their death-beds (both of them died within a few days of one another) they told her that she would find lucrative employment at one of the numerous theatres at which they had often played before delighted audiences.

Such, however, did not prove to be the case. Young **Adele**'s débuts as an actress were every where decidedly unsuccessful. Her favorite rôle was Leah, in **Mosenthal**'s well-known play; and the critics of Germany, with one accord, advised Mlle. **Spitzeder** to leave the stage for a more congenial field of occupation. She was slow to follow this advice, and contented herself for several years with filling subordinate positions at second-rate theatres in Germany and Switzerland, until, in the autumn of 1864, she returned almost penniless, without reputation and without prospects, to Munich.

On the 12th of November, in that year, at a moment when she had but a few kreutzers in her pocket, and was harassed by her creditors, with utter destitution staring her in the face, she inserted in the principal Munich journal, the *Neueste Nachrichten*, a brief advertisement, which proved the turning-point in her fortunes, and which was destined to lead to truly momentous consequences. It read as follows:

> "A respectable lady desires to borrow one hundred and fifty florins for two months. She is willing to pay ten per cent. interest for the loan, and can give excellent references. Address A. S., this office."

In the afternoon of the day on which this advertisement had appeared Mlle. **Adele Spitzeder**, who, as she herself has repeatedly stated, had not had a meal for twenty-four hours, and whose purse was entirely empty, returned to the office of the *Neueste Nachrichten*, trembling between hopes and fears, and expecting that the clerk at the desk, upon her inquiry for answers to her advertisement, would tell her that there were none.

She was, however, most agreeably disappointed. The clerk handed her not one letter, but at least fifty. All of them contained offers of sums of one hundred and fifty florins, and not a few of them of much larger amounts, at ten per cent. interest for two months.

The head of the young lady fairly swam as she suddenly found what seemed to her riches at her command. During the next few days she called upon the writers of the answers to her advertisement, and at the end of this time she found herself in possession of four thousand florins—a sum that seemed almost fabulous to her.

What was she to do with it? She passed a sleepless night, revolving in her restless brain many schemes for the investment of what she looked upon as her own money. So it was, at least for the next two months, for she had paid the lenders the interest in advance.

All at once a startling idea occurred to her. What if she should advertise again and again for loans, and then lend out the money again at an interest higher than she paid for it? The idea was worth a trial, and so she renewed her advertisement in the *Neueste Nachrichten* for one week; but, to facilitate matters, she desired persons willing to intrust their funds to her to call upon her at a small hotel, the "Stange im Thal," where she had rooms. Her success was great beyond expectation. No less than fifty thousand florins were paid in to her within five or six days, and in return she gave nothing but simple due-bills.

She went on advertising, and money began pouring into her coffers at a rapidly increasing rate. She invested her funds without difficulty in making loans to temporarily embarrassed members of the Munich aristocracy. She lent them money upon valuable pledges at the most exorbitant interest, with "parole of honor" notes as collaterals. The business flourished. The losses were small, and the deposits constantly made by a larger and larger circle of customers enabled Mlle. **Spitzeder** to meet her liabilities with invariable promptness.

A year from her above-mentioned start in business **Adele Spitzeder** was able to buy two very fine buildings in the Bavarian capital—the palatial residence No. 9 Schoenfeld Street, and the large "William Tell" tavern opposite. For these two houses she paid the handsome sum of three hundred and fifty thousand florins. No. 9 was fitted up in the most sumptuous style, the ground-floor as a bank, and the upper stories for Mlle. **Spitzeder**'s residence. The "William Tell" tavern was transformed into a gorgeous saloon, and it became the rendezvous of all of those who did business with the female banker. It was crowded day and night with customers, and in the year 1868 its net profits amounted to the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty thousand florins.

Meanwhile Mlle. **Spitzeder** conceived another idea, which eventually proved exceedingly advantageous to her. Noticing that not a few of her depositors were peasants from the intensely Catholic districts of Old Bavaria, she thought if she should devote her attention a little to Church matters she might greatly extend her business. For this purpose she began to dress in a semi-clerical costume. She sent thousands of florins, under the guise of subscriptions, to certain Church newspapers; she became a regular attendant at Church solemnities; and she built over the grave of her father, who is buried at the Munich cemetery, a gorgeous monument, which was inaugurated amidst imposing ceremonies. She proclaimed even her intention to organize a pilgrimage of the believers, at her expense, to the sacred shrine at Alt-Oettingen, but the authorities prohibited it, because they were afraid that the five thousand persons who had signified their intention to participate in it might act riotously.

At the same time Mlle. **Spitzeder** announced in the public newspapers that, owing to the enormous increase in her business, she was desirous of sharing her profits with her customers, and that in order to do so she would henceforth pay her depositors no less than ten per cent. interest a month, every depositor to receive three months' interest in advance upon paying in his money. This announcement added enormously to her business, and in 1871 she was able to announce that she had nearly nine million florins on deposit.

It may seem strange that the authorities of Bavaria did not take steps to interfere with these extraordinary financial operations, which seemed to upset all previous theories about sound banking principles. It is true, a few brave journalists began to caution their readers against intrusting their money to Mlle. **Spitzeder**, but the latter silenced them by libel suits. She showed that she paid every cent she owed promptly, and she challenged the most rigorous examination of her affairs. She went still further. She founded a daily newspaper of her own; and to increase her popularity she was not only most lavish in her charities, but established twelve soup-houses for the poor of Munich.

In 1872 she was at the height of her prosperity. She was considered the wealthiest woman in Bavaria, and numerous offers of marriage were made to her from the most aristocratic quarters, all of which she sternly rejected, however. The extent of her business may be imagined from the fact that she had in her bank forty-five clerks and book-keepers; and her residence contained works of art valued at millions of florins.

The collapse of her prosperity, however, came as suddenly as it had originated. On the 12th of November, 1872, **Adele Spitzeder** was suddenly arrested on a charge of fraud, and, notwithstanding her protestations, taken to a cell in the city jail. It was found that her assets were less than two million florins, while her liabilities exceeded five times that amount. On the day after her arrest people of Munich alone presented to the authorities promissory notes with her signature amounting to over three million florins. At the same time a number of prominent men who had been on intimate terms with her and received loans from her deemed it prudent to absent themselves from Bavaria for a time. Among them was even one of the princes of the royal house. During the next few days excited people from all parts of Bavaria flocked to Munich, complaining of having been defrauded of their all by the female banker.

A great many people in Munich believe that Mlle. **Spitzeder** will eventually not be tried at all, and that her aristocratic customers will enable her to escape from Bavaria with impunity. Her transactions certainly form an exceedingly curious page in the financial history of modern times.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Some interesting electric phenomena were noticed on the occasion of a recent storm in the Northwestern States, and as the extended network of telegraph lines affords opportunity for studying similar occurrences whenever they recur, it is to be hoped that attention may be more generally given to the accurate observation of these electric storms. Excepting a notice in the Chicago *Tribune*, the only account that we have of the phenomena is that communicated by Mr. **Simmons** to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, of January 22, from which we make the following summary:

At 2.25 P.M., January 7, while a severe storm was raging in Minnesota, and a high southwest wind, with light snow and very low temperatures, prevailed in Central Iowa, it was noticed at the telegraph offices in the latter district that atmospheric currents were interfering with the working of the telegraph lines. These currents increased in intensity to an almost unprecedented extent, and then died away during the evening.

At 6.45 P.M. these disturbances were noticed at the offices in the Mississippi Valley separating Iowa from Illinois.

At 9.30 P.M. light disturbances were noted at Chicago, and continued at intervals during the night and until the evening of the 8th, when the discharges became very rapid and intense. It was now ascertained that the phenomena had entirely ceased in the Mississippi Valley, and that the region of disturbance was probably central at Chicago and eastward. Here, as before, with two or three exceptions, the effect was confined to wires running due east and west, the exceptions being the north and south lines, on which, however, but little interference was noticed.

Later in the evening of the 8th the disturbance was felt at Detroit, Michigan, and "every observation confirmed the opinion" that the central path of the storm extended "from Des Moines, Iowa, due eastward to Detroit, Michigan, narrowing its limits north and south as it approached the latter place, after which it rapidly subsided."

It is well known that in all these observations there is generally some doubt as to the interpretation of the observations, owing to our ignorance of the state of insulation, etc., of the telegraph wires. In the present case, however, Mr. **Simmons** appears to have made accurate observations relative to this point, since he states that while the east and west wires were almost exclusively affected, the known resistance and insulation of these lines, in reference to the propagation of ordinary voltaic electricity, did not in the least assist to explain the observations. Indeed, he states that the large number of operators and practical telegraph men who witnessed the display quite agree that the effects were entirely different from those experienced during the ordinary auroral storms with which they are familiar.

It is therefore probable that the present is a case of atmospheric electricity as distinguished from that known as ground currents, the latter being connected with auroral displays. While the phenomena of January 7–8 were evidently concomitants of the storm that prevailed from Minnesota to Lake Huron, it is perhaps probable that the disturbances of the 8th at Chicago and Detroit were in a measure independent of those observed on the 7th in Iowa.

Mr. **Sclater** gives some information in *Nature* of the proceedings of several collectors who have lately gone out from England for the purpose of securing specimens for sale to public institutions. Of these, one is Mr. T. K. **Salmon**, Jun., of Camden Town, who has been exploring the province of Antioquia, in the United States of Colombia. Among other discoveries he has secured one humming-bird, which Mr. **Gould** has described as *Adelomyia cervina*. Mr. **Salmon** has now started for the Upper Valley of the Cauca, a region previously unexplored by ornithologists.

Mr. **Henry M. Whitely** has also been at work in the Andes of Casavaya, east of Cuzco, in Peru. He succeeded in securing some species of tanagers not known since the travels of **D'Orbigny** in the same region. This gentleman likewise obtained a new species of humming-bird, named by Mr. **Gould** *Iolæma whitelyana*. Another collector, Mr. **Charles R. Thatcher**, is on his way to the Philippine Islands, by way of San Francisco and Yokohama, and his intention is to collect the land birds and shells of the Philippines.

Dr. **Oswald Heer**, an eminent botanist, and one who has devoted so much attention to the structure and history of fossil plants, publishes an article upon flax and its culture among the ancients, especially the prehistoric races of Europe. His memoir may be summarized as follows: *First*, flax has been cultivated in Egypt for five thousand years, and that it was and is one of the most generally diffused plants of that country. It occupied a similar position in ancient Babylonia, in Palestine, and on the Black Sea. It occurred in Greece during the prehistoric period, and at an early date was carried into Italy, while its cultivation in Spain was probably originated by the Phœnicians and Carthaginians. *Second*, it is also met with in the oldest Swiss lacustrine villages, while, at the same time, no hemp nor fabrics manufactured from wool are there to be found. This is considered a remarkable fact, since the sheep was one of the oldest domestic animals, and was known during the stone period. The impossibility of shearing the fleece by means of stone or bone implements is supposed to have been the reason why woolen fabrics were not used. It is thought probable that the skin, with its attached wool, was made use of for articles of clothing. *Third*, the lake dwellers probably received flax from Southern Europe, from which section fresh seed must have been derived from time to time. The variety cultivated was the small, native, narrow-leaved kind from the coast of the Mediterranean, and not at all that now raised in Europe. It must, therefore, have been cultivated also in Southern Europe, although Dr. **Heer** could not ascertain among what people and at what age this took place. If this could be ascertained it would be an important point in the determination of the antiquity of the lake dwellers. *Fourth*, at the time of the empire both summer flax and winter flax were cultivated in Italy, as now, but in what form it was grown in ancient Egypt is not determined. It is thought probable that the narrow-leaved variety was first introduced, and after that the Roman, and then the common varieties followed. The common plant has doubtless arisen from the cultivation of the narrow-leaved, while the Roman winter flax and the *Linum ambiguum* constitute the intermediate stages. The original home of the cultivated flax was therefore along the shores of the Mediterranean. The Egyptians had probably cultivated it, and from them its use was doubtless disseminated. It is possible that the wild variety and the winter flax were grown elsewhere at a time when the cultivated variety had long since driven them out of use in Egypt.

Mr. **Edward A. Blyden** has lately presented to Governor **Hennessy**, of Sierra Leone, a report of his mission to Falaba, in Africa, early in the year 1872. His route carried him through a considerable portion of the less-known region of Eastern Africa, and much information was derived, which it is proposed to embody hereafter in a detailed work.

The Chinese take a curious method to prevent their pigeons from being attacked by birds of prey while circling over the cities or moving from place to place. This consists in the employment of small, short cylinders of bamboo, arranged so as to form a whistle or reed pipe, in groups of three or four, or more. These are attached to the back of the bird, and so adjusted that as it flies through the air a very sharp sound is produced. Varying lengths of the bamboo give variety of tones to this instrument; and when a large number of birds are flying together in a single flock, as is very frequently the case, the sound produced by them is distinctly audible for a great distance.

It is said that rapacious birds are effectively repelled by this precaution, so that the pigeons make their flights with perfect safety from one point to another. Varnish is used for coating these bamboo whistles to protect them from moisture. This practice is said to have been in vogue among the Chinese for a great many years.

An important movement has lately been started in Great Britain in the shape of a naval college, the object of which is to impart instruction in all the higher branches pertaining to the nautical profession to such as require it, and to be especially open to captains and commanders, lieutenants and navigating officers, naval instructors, officers of the marine artillery, and of the marine and engineer branches of the navy. Instruction will also be given to a limited number of persons in naval architecture and marine engineering: officers of the mercantile marine will also be received.

This does not cover the ground of the naval college at Greenwich, where graduates are instructed in the primary branches of their profession; but it is intended for posting officers of the higher grades in those subjects with which they are not familiar, and to enable them to take worthy parts in the scientific movements of the day. The course includes pure mathematics, co-ordinate and higher pure geometry, differential calculus, etc., as well as the modern languages, drawing, etc. A naval officer is president of the college, assisted by a captain in the navy in matters of discipline, and by an extensive corps of professors, who may be selected from civil life.

A writer in *Nature* suggests that the white telescopic appearance in many parts of the moon's surface, resembling snow, may be really a coating of salt on extinct volcanoes of that satellite. The dazzling, snow-white effect of the mountains is commented upon; and it is thought that a clew to the phenomenon is furnished by the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius. In this instance a crust of crystals of salt was formed over the entire surface of the lava on cooling.

The discovery of the African money cowrie (*Cypræa moneta*) in the barrow graves of Pomerania, in 1868, has had the effect of exciting much speculation among archæologists as to the mode in which they could have been introduced into the country. Some twenty-seven of them were found in an earthen vase, mixed with earth and sand, each one being notched so as to permit its being arranged with others upon a string. **Wagner** is of the opinion that these shells must have been brought by the Phœnicians for the purpose of bartering with the people for amber.

A closely allied species (*C. pantherina*) was found in graves in Swabia, which could not in any way have been associated with the Phœnicians. **Jeitteles** also mentions the occurrence, among certain prehistoric objects found near Olmütz, of a coral from the Indian Ocean, found very rarely in the Mediterranean.

As an instance of the different modes by which the markets of Great Britain and those of the United States are supplied with fish, and the difference in the prevailing tastes of the two nations, we may remark that among the most esteemed species in Great Britain are the various kinds of flat-fish, including the turbot, sole, plaice, etc. A recent writer estimates that not more than one per cent. of these fish are taken with the hook and line, the rest being captured with the trawl, an implement unknown in this country in connection with our market supply.

In the United States, with a variety of flat-fish equal to that of the British seas, they are very little esteemed; indeed, being generally rejected as worthless.

From Panama we learn that Commander **Selfridge** arrived there on the 20th of January last, and sailed on the 25th, on board the steamer *Tuscarora*, for the coast of Darien, accompanied by Lieutenants **Collins**, **Eaton**, and **Sullivan**, for the purpose of continuing the survey of the Darien Ship-Canal route. Work will be commenced about latitude 6° 32′ north, and be carried across the "divide," following the valley of the river Bajaya, a tributary of the Atrato, to its junction with the latter river, at a distance of about 150 miles from the Caribbean Sea.

A WAKE.

In the early days of English history our Anglo-Saxon ancestors gave the name of "wake" to certain holiday festivals established to commemorate the birthday of the saint to whom a particular church was dedicated. As the ecclesiastical day was then reckoned from sunset to sunset, the festivities commenced on the evening preceding the day itself, and continued all night, whence the word wake, to signify the waking or vigil before the festival. It finally came to include both. These wakes at length degenerated into occasions of debauchery and licentiousness, so that in 1536 Henry VIII. ordered the festival of the saint's day to be discontinued, and that of the dedication of the church to be celebrated in all the parishes on the first Sunday in October. The saint's day is still observed as a village wake in many parts of England.

In Ireland, according to Miss Edgeworth, "a wake is a midnight meeting, held professedly for the indulgence of holy sorrow, but usually converted into orgies of unholy joy." It takes place on the death of one in humble circumstances, whose body, laid out and covered with a sheet, leaving the face only exposed, and surrounded with candles, is "waked" by the friends and neighbors of the family. After indulging in much vociferous lamentation, the company regale themselves with copious libations of whisky, and the wake often terminates in noisy, if not tumultuous and riotous, excitement. The scene depicted in our illustration on page 204 was casually witnessed by the artist to whose pencil we are indebted for the drawing.

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Last.
ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER V.

BOUND BY HIS WORD.

We commenced our attempt to understand each other with our first step away from the house. We were vigilant—it was almost as if we had a battle to fight, rather than an explanation to make. There were no words wasted on the beauty or warmth of that October night; we were very grave, and we were both in earnest.

"I am bound by my word to poor Kate," he said, at once, "to make you at some time or other—a long day hence it may be, Faith," he added—"an offer of my hand. You are aware of this?"

"I am aware that it was Katie's wish, if—"

"I am coming to that," he hastened to say, "to make you that offer, if we thought that the past could be retraced by both of us, as she believed in her dying hour that it might be, backed by atonement on my side, and forgiveness on yours. She died trusting in our future happiness."

"We may be happy on our different roads of life—never together."

His brow clouded at my reply, for the suddenness of which he was scarcely prepared.

"You are unforgiving, then?" he said.

"All is forgiven—I have said so twenty times to her and you, Martin—but nothing is forgotten."

"You do not trust me."

"I might trust you did the necessity for trust arrive, but I would rather trust myself."

"I can not expect you to believe in time's influence yet awhile," he said, "or to look forward to days hence, when your heart may soften toward me, in remembering Kate's wish, and your last promise to her."

"My promise was coupled with some selfishness," I said, "and with more forethought, but it is none the less a promise I regret."

"Already?" he said, wonderingly.

"Yes—it deceived my sister," I said, thoughtfully; "there was not time to explain or retract."

"You are thinking of the present hour, and not of the future as it may be," Martin Westmair said, impatiently; "I am anxious, if possible, to understand that future, and then to spare you the embarrassment of my presence. I know, Faith, that this is not the time to defend myself or urge my suit. But shall we remember some day your sister's wish, and endeavor to fulfill it?"

"That wish can never be fulfilled," I answered, with greater firmness.

He was surprised; he seemed endeavoring to read my heart correctly, and failing in the effort, as well he might, for I knew not what was there. I was only sure that when I gave him up at Lowestoft, I gave him up forever. Every day strengthened me in that assurance, and I was never more convinced than when I faced him on the old spot where he first told me that he loved me.

"It is possible," he said, with a ring of pathos in his voice that affected me more than I had bargained for—they were the old tones I had listened to with so much pleasure once!—"I am wholly unworthy of you. I treated you badly; your sister was dearer to me than I had ever dreamed, and I had treated her badly too, and distrusted her at her best. But," he added, as his hand fell upon my arm, "I did you an injustice unwittingly, and I repeat here that, as a gentleman and man of honor—ah! do not scoff at my assumption—I am bound by my word to my lost Kate. At a fitting time—when the grief is less acute, and you have thought of this more deeply—I will ask you to accept me for your husband."

"After all that I have said, you will take this poor advantage of me?" I cried.

"If you hated me as woman never hated man yet," he added, with a sternness worthy of his uncle Abel, "I would ask you. If I were sure that every hour of my after-life would bring a grief and curse with it, I would keep my word to Katie."

"You know not what you are saying," I said, shuddering at his fierce persistency.

"Yes, I do. I have thought for weeks of how I should say this and warn you of my plans," he replied; "this is no rash impulse of the moment, born of my old bad habit. If you were the woman I despised most in the world, I should seek you out with the same intention, and hold you to the contract."

"I have made no contract," I cried, rebelliously.

"But, Faith," he added, with more gentleness, "ever believe that I will seek you out some day in all contrition, and in the hope that you and I may find that happiness together which our poor Katie prophesied. For her sake I will love you, and I pray that some of your old liking for me may come back again. Oh, Faith! look forward with me—trust me once more and forever; it shall not be love and trust in vain, I swear!"

He was dramatic in his speech and action, but he was in earnest. It was his earnestness, deep or shallow, that had deceived me before, that had deceived himself. It affected me, but it did not bring my love back, as with the magic of his eloquence it might have done, had he been still the hero of my girl's romance. I was anxious to escape from him and to terminate the interview—that was all. I was not spell-bound by any thing that he had said to me; in his confession there was weakness as well as strength; he was forgetting Katie and coming back to me; he would love me again, and I should never, never care for him: the shadow of a new trouble was cast upon us both already.

"Martin," I said, "let it be understood that I can not trust you again—that no love of mine can be restored by your attentions. My sister Kate wished my happiness, not my misery, and I tell you that misery would follow the weakness which could lead me toward you. I am too proud to come back—too generous toward you to hold out one hope that it should be so. Let us end this folly, and remain friends, if you will. If not, for mercy's sake keep away."

It was an indignant outburst which amazed him, and which rendered him paler than he had been. He had not believed in the reality of his loss of me until I had last spoken. He had thought of my old affection pleading for him, not turning against him and strengthening my resolve. But he was as firm as I was.

"I will wait a lifetime, but I will wait," he said, in reply to my appeal.

"You will not spare me?"

"I am bound by my word," he repeated, for the third time that evening.

Was I not bound by my own? Was it not that which rendered me anxious to impress upon his mind, that night, the futility of his perseverance? Had I not said to Katie, in the first moments of our meeting, and after she had been stricken down, that I would marry Martin Westmair, if he ever asked me to become his wife, if I were sure of his affection for me? I had never believed in the possibility of this; he had belonged to Katie, and Katie's death would sanctify his love for her. It had been an evasion in my heart, and now he spoke of one day loving me.

"You are not bound by your word to Kate to haunt me," I said, mockingly.

"I will not trouble you unnecessarily," he answered, in a hollow voice.

"You must think of me a little, Martin," I said, returning to that calmness of demeanor which I had lost for a while, "as well as of *her*, and so spare me a repetition of this scene. Under any circumstances, and at any period of time, it can only be repeated."

I felt that I could not impress this upon his mind too often, and I hoped that when he had left me—when he was alone to ponder over all that I had said—that he would be more merciful than he was in that hour.

"If I were a selfish or a worldly man, I would reply that you do not think of me at all, or of the ruin to me which your refusal will create," he said; "but that is my mother's thought—Abel Westmair's—not my own. My ruin would only be a just retribution for all past folly and deception, and it is not that which will cause me much regret. I am not ambitious; life is hardly worth the having with fresh disappointments looming in the distance. That poor drunkard, Simmons, had better have thrust me off the cliff, as he intended, for in the world I am always an incumbrance and a marplot."

"In the world there is a place for you," I said.

"By your side," he answered; "nowhere else."

They were his last words that night. We dismissed the subject, and went back to the drawing-room, both obstinate, and both unconvinced.

How glad I was when he and his mother had left me to myself!

CHAPTER VI.

FOUND AT LAST.

Alone in my room, the future seemed to scare me, and to become more threatening. The death-bed promises were echoing in my ears with deeper and more awful tones, and I shrank as from a fate I could not resist. In my feeble war of words with Martin Westmair I had spoken of my will to defy him—and in the darkness I cowered down and felt myself a victim. And yet Katie had not wished my misery—only a happiness that was impossible to foresee, impossible to occur with the man she thought I loved still.

I did not love him! in my room I wailed forth that truth again in answer to the voices thundering in my ears; it was only in the assurance that he could never turn to me again—that it would be unnatural and terrible—that I had sought to calm the last moments of my sister by a foolish promise. And he was bound by his word, and would hold me to my own. He would be forever implacable—from the old friend, the old lover, he would become the enemy of my peace, and be forever obdurate.

"Take care of my poor weak boy down stairs—oh! take care of him," Katie had said, in her suspense and grief; and I had answered solemnly, and before God,

"*If he should ever ask me again to be his wife, I will go back to him!*"

What escape was there from those words, or from that second promise when she was passing away, and doubt had seized me in the valley of the shadow wherein my sister lingered, and where I struggled against my growing consciousness of evil and was powerless? I did not know then how utterly my love had vanished—for I was thinking only of poor Kate—but afterward in the awful stillness of that room, the truth crept as closely to me as it did in the desolation which Martin's words had left with me.

There was no escape. God would never forgive so black a treachery as a deceit practiced on a dying woman, consoling her in her last moments by a lie. My own words harassed me. In my despair I strove to look at the picture as Martin Westmair would have painted it, to wonder, perhaps with him, why I had so completely set aside one who was first in all my woman's thoughts only a few weeks ago. He had proved himself unstable, but he had deceived himself as well as me, and he had made no step away from honor of his own accord. He had believed implicitly in his affection for me; he had taught himself long ago to think that he had forgotten Katie, and that she was unworthy of remembrance, and it was only in the great rush of remorse at his consciousness of having judged her wrongly that his heart betrayed himself and me. Surely I could forgive that impulse, that waking on my part to the truth that I was no longer first, in compassion for all that had happened afterward? In my pride I had dismissed him—but had every old tie been snapped asunder so effectually that there was no riveting the links again? Was I as fickle as he had been in setting him from me—in thinking now with horror of this man as my helpmate through a life wherein I was powerless to help myself?

I could not see with Martin's eyes the end of this—I tried, and failed. I was more faithless than he had been—I shuddered at the mention of his name—I felt that I should despise him presently for being more honorable than I, and for holding to his word with greater strength.

The next day I was calmer; on the day following, to old Mr. Westmair, I was my usual self. Martin would not come again, there was a reprieve—he would give me time; in that time—such was my fear of him—I might escape! He did not know that I had resolved to leave Broomfield; what if I disappeared from all this restless world, and no one of its sphere ever heard of me again? He could not ask me then to be his wife, and I could not accept him. I should be free, and less unhappy.

In the great library I tried to think that this was the better course—though I thought it out with much heart-sinking. It was beginning the world again—it was parting with friends—it was the mist of years ago, when I came back from Pietermaritzburg and knew not where to turn—but it was an escape from *him!*

In the great library, while I was brooding on this—hesitating still and yet seeing that it was best for me and Martin, the owner of the house suddenly startled me by his unlooked-for advent. It was the night of the second day after Martin had warned me of his determination to hold me to my promise, when the door was opened, and Abel Westmair came with a face of thought into the room.

I was nervous, and leaped hastily to conclusions. I had fallen into the bad habit, of late days, of looking to the worst of things—for I had not recovered wholly from the shock of Katie's death.

"Ettie!" I cried, "she is dead!"

He turned pale at my vehemence, at the thought which had suggested itself to me, and then said, exultantly,

"No—she lives. She will be spared—every thing has been successful—and life will never be wholly a blank to me, please God."

"I am so glad to hear it," I said, warmly—"I was afraid—you came in looking so depressed—and Ettie was not with you."

"Ettie is in Germany," he replied—"will remain in Germany for many weeks—it is necessary that she should be seen by the physician every day—she is in good hands, at the house, and with the wife, of him who saved her. I never liked the Germans until now—I shall call them the first and cleverest and most glorious of the human race from this day."

There was no longer depression in his looks, it was a flushed and joyful face at which I gazed. He flung his head back, and squared his chest, as he marched up and down the room, free from the load that had weighed him down so long.

"Ettie is happy?"

"Yes—happy as she can be without her governess," he said, laughing, and with no tinge of his old jealousy apparent; "you will leave next week for Berlin, and take care of her, I hope. Not this week—rest and freedom from excitement is his essential this. Presently, you will bring her back with you—and then the old vexed question of your parting from us!"

"But meanwhile—" I said, hesitating.

"I have not forgotten that it is scarcely decorous for you to remain with two gentlemen in the house," he said, with a low bow, "an old and a mad one. The mad one has called for a few papers, and is going back to town to-night. The papers being necessary, and my news being good news, you must not regard my visit as an intrusion."

The tears came quickly to my eyes, and yet his words had no satiric meaning in them; he had been only in high spirits; but he became grave, when his quick glance assured him that his remark had pained me.

"I have offended you again," he cried.

"No," I answered; "but you must not speak of yourself as an intruder in your own house Here it is only I who trespass."

"Not at all. The etiquette of the position is for me to withdraw. I will call next Monday, and arrange with you concerning your departure to Germany. That is settled, I hope?"

"I—I don't know," I said, hesitatingly; "Ettie is happy—I—I should be glad to get away. I need a change."

All the new expression of content departed from Abel Westmair's face, which became stern and rugged on the instant. I was crossing his will, and he was a man who loved his own way.

"Glad to get away from here—or from us?" he inquired, after a moment's thought.

"To get away at any cost—I am not well," I said. "I seem to long for something different from this."

"This is a new folly," he said, sharply, as if during my residence beneath his roof mine had been a life of follies; "you would try the temper of a saint, Miss Kirby."

He was not a saint, and I felt half disposed to tell him so, but held my tongue in time.

"You have been shut up here and left to brood too much upon past trouble," he said, with a kindness as sudden as his severity had been, "and I am uncharitable toward you. It is my way—I can not help it—a straw turns me. But you must not leave us, or talk of leaving us again. We can not spare you."

"Ah! I think you will," I said, shaking my head, "even for my own sake you will let me go."

He did not appear to have heard these words, of which I repented the instant that they had escaped me, as they led toward a subject I was anxious to shun; it had made us almost enemies before. His eyes had fixed themselves upon the book on my lap, and then wandered to the top shelf whereon he had placed it, and forgotten it. I had been reading it again that day; there was a spell in it; more, there was a mystery in it which I had not fathomed yet.

"Where did you get that book?" he asked, sharply.

"From the shelves."

"You had no right to read it," he said, more sharply still; "you knew that I did not wish the book read—that I was ashamed, heartily ashamed, of every line that it contained—and that I had called in all my copies. I told you so at Lowestoft."

He held out his hand for the volume, which I placed within it.

"Have you read much of this?" he asked, when the book was in his clasp.

"All of it," I answered, dryly.

"It is very strange that you had not any thing better to do," he said, ungraciously, as he thrust this second copy of his poems into the tail-pocket of his coat; "the verse is weak and purposeless, the *Scarifier* says—and the *Scarifier* is right—that I was an ass when I first thought of writing poetry. It is a book wholly without a purpose—a dreadfully empty, vain, and morbid book."

He walked up and down the library after his old habit, and composed himself somewhat by this restless style of perambulation. Suddenly he stopped, and faced me with a question from which I thought that I had escaped, thanks to the diversion which the sight of his poems had created. He was a man with a terrible memory.

"Why should I let you go for your own sake?" he inquired; "what could you possibly mean by that, except that you are unhappy here?"

"I am unhappy," I confessed now.

"I would be the last to make you so, if I could help it in any way, Faith—Miss Kirby," he said, correcting himself at once with grim precision—he had only called me Faith when I was in great grief on the cliffs at Kessingland—"and I am sorry that you own this."

"It is not your fault—it is not—"

And then, not knowing how to continue, I was silent. He sat down, then rose, and took another hasty stride or two over his carpet. When he was standing before me again, he said,

"Has Martin been here?"

"Yes," I said.

"Any one else?"

"His mother."

"The fools—the couple of blundering, clumsy fools, who do not know the virtues of patience and silence, but come here to mar all with their addle-headed haste!" he shouted, stamping on the floor in his rage, "and after I had written to Martin, who should have known better at least, idiot as he is!"

"There is no occasion for their visit to disturb you, Mr. Westmair," I said in reproof, at this fresh ebullition of temper.

"My injunctions have been disregarded," said Abel, "and they should have left you in peace, as I desired. Well—the result of their unseasonable visit?"

"The result!" I faltered forth.

"The mother worried you to death with her condolence and her new affection, and my nephew dashed at you with his contrition, and begged you to marry him on the spot, perhaps."

"Scarcely that," I said, indignantly.

"Nearly that," he continued, "and you have resented their unseemly conduct, as it deserved to be resented. Still," he added, becoming suddenly very grave again, "I hope that you have not said too much to daunt Martin."

"Why?" I asked, almost defiantly.

"Your promise to your sister."

I drew my breath quickly at his reminding me of this, for I had not expected it.

"It is a mistake, a wickedness, a wrong; and more trouble will come of it, you said once, and more trouble has come already."

He was astonished at my memory in his turn, and he stopped to reflect upon my answer.

"Ay, I did say that," he replied; "but I had not sufficiently taken into consideration how deeply you must have loved my nephew, and how it was not in your nature to forget him. Having loved once you would love always, and pride must not stand in the way of a good match, for which we all are waiting."

"I can not marry Martin Westmair. I have told him so. I have begged him to consider my resolution as final."

"And he?"

"He—he will not receive it for my answer."

"Why should he?" reasoned Abel; "the days are early yet, and the grief for your sister's loss is still with you, and against him. He has a right to wait—to expect an answer more favorable in time."

"No—no."

"Pardon me—yes," Abel Westmair insisted.

"I shall go away from here in the hope of hiding from him all my life, so that the opportunity shall never come to ask me," I cried, hastily.

My employer started, and the frown deepened on his face.

"That would be an unfair way of evading your obligations," he said.

"He is unfair to me—he is ungenerous."

"Miss Kirby, you love him," he said; "the past assures me of it, and this wild purpose only strengthens me in that conviction. In your marriage with him lies that happiness which you will not accept as truth now, but will more gladly at a later day. He has acted unwisely in his haste, but you must forgive him, not condemn him by a rash act, which nothing can justify and no one can excuse."

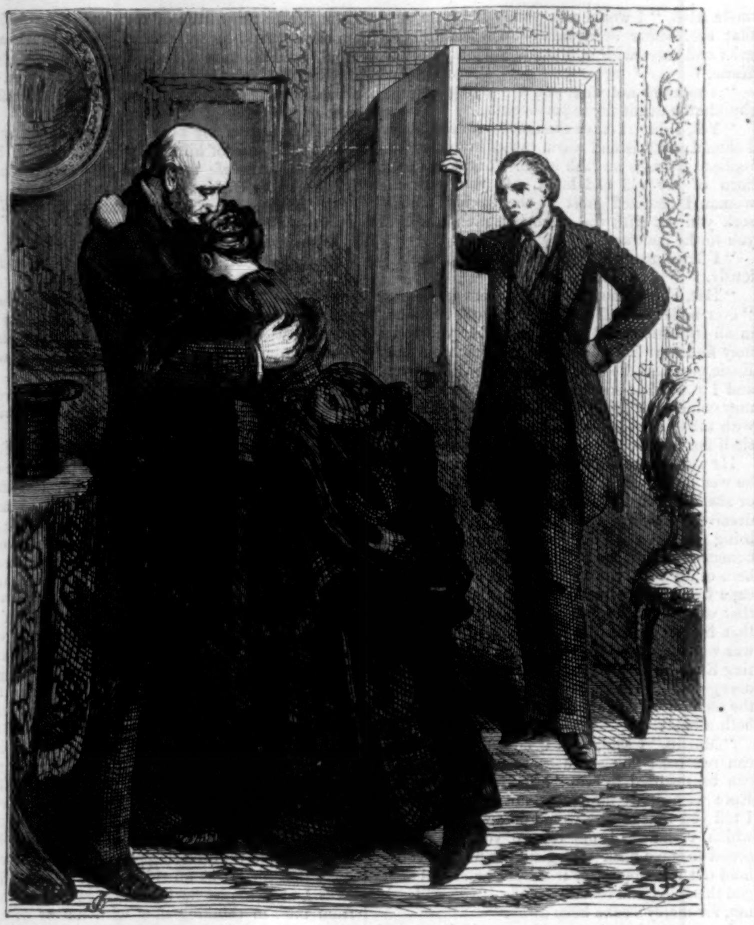
"I am not seeking an excuse," I cried, in my despair, my anger at his reasoning, which it was beyond my power to endure; "I am my own mistress, and will have no dictation from him—much less from you."

His hands fell to his side, and again I was sorry for my hasty words, there was so pitiful a look upon his face, until it darkened more completely and shut the truth away.

"Miss Kirby, you are your own mistress," he said, very bitterly, and every word struck like an arrow at me, "and I will make no further effort to oppose you. If you wish to quit us, I will not utter another word to stay you. If you desire to shipwreck your own happiness as well as Martin's, it is a moral suicide for which I am not answerable. But understand me once more, and in the defense of that nephew you treat thus capriciously—"

"Capriciously!" I cried, in my new passion.

"I say capriciously advisedly," he replied, "for



"TAKE ME AWAY!"

you have loved him and now affect to dislike him, and I say, in his defense, that you are acting wrongly."

"Think so, if you will," was my rebellious answer.

"In his defense I am bound to think so," he continued, "and I call upon you to consider the ruin that may follow your refusal. He is not strong; he feels disappointment acutely; and I will not have him for my partner, as a principal, even as a clerk in my employ, after you have cast him back upon himself."

"I can not marry him because you want a partner in your business," I said, as bitterly as he, for he had wrung my heart intensely by his advocacy; "his ruin will be of his own choosing, not the result of my honest effort to escape him."

"It is not honest. You know that you madly love this man."

"I will hear no more," I cried, passionately; "let me get away from you. You abuse your position—you are a coward to speak like this to me."

"Coward—coward did you say?" he said, passing his hand across his temples, "surely not that!"

The door opened as I hurried toward it, and a servant entered, with a card upon the salver, which he presented to his master.

"It is not for me," said Abel Westmair, in a deep voice, "but for Miss Kirby."

"The gentleman said—"

"It is for Miss Kirby," repeated Abel, sternly.

I took the card, and then screamed, in my excitement and surprise, and dropped it from my hands.

"Where is he—where is he, then?" I cried.

"In the drawing-room. He—"

I rushed from the library into the room beyond, and sank into the arms of a tall, hard-featured, sunburned, gray-haired man, who rose to take me to his breast and kiss me many times. Abel Westmair followed, and looked on from the open doorway.

"My dear Faith!" cried the visitor.

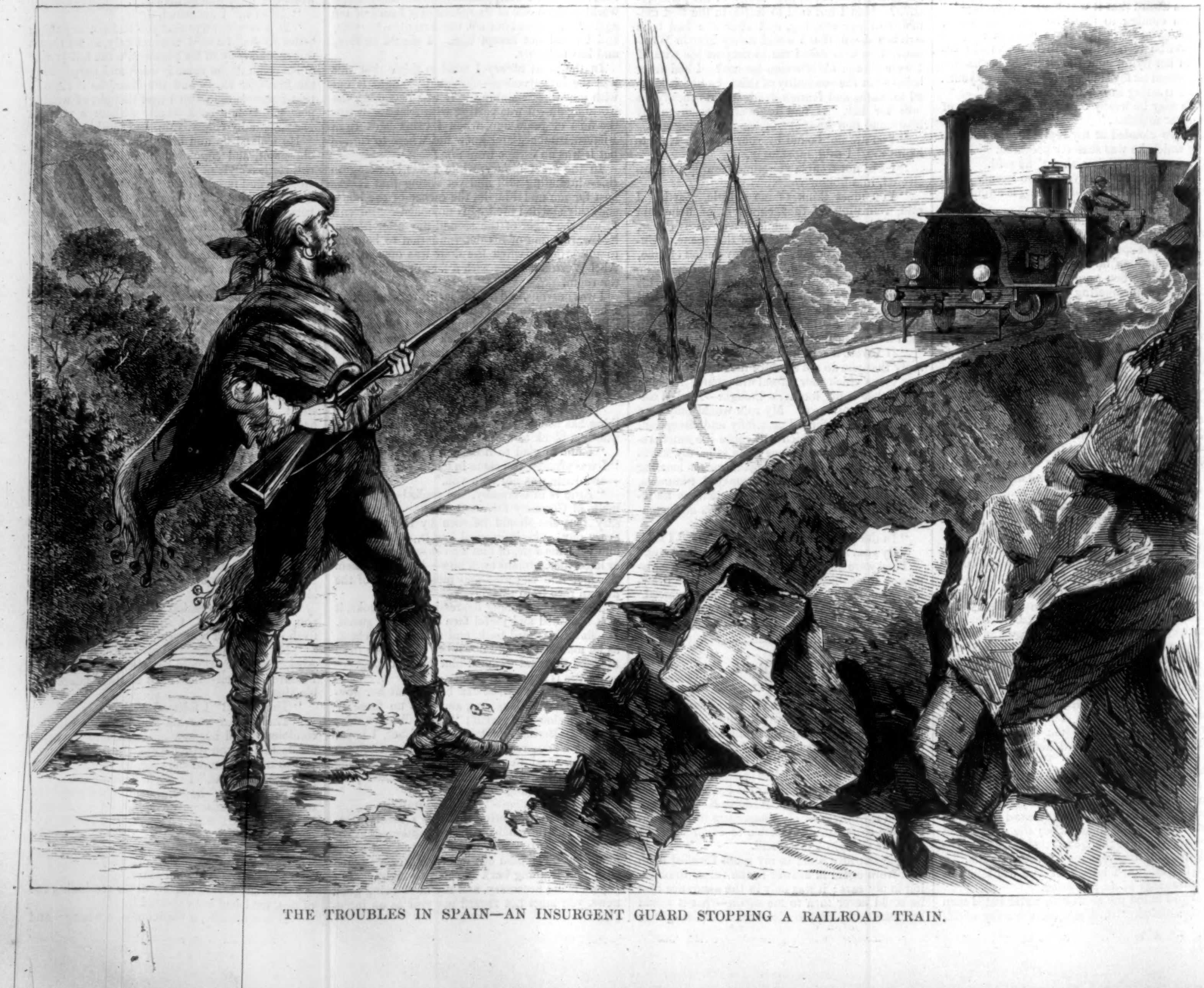
"Oh, my dear Uncle Jef!—where have you been so long? How glad I am to come to you! Oh, take me away from here—take me away!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TROUBLES IN SPAIN.

Spain is rarely without a little revolution to vary the monotony of existence. Whatever the form of government, whether a republic or a monarchy, there are sure to be two or three disaffected districts where the inhabitants are ready to rise against the authorities on the slightest provocation, and proceed to rob, pillage, murder, and destroy in the most approved style of banditism. As a rule, the priests are, of late years, at the bottom of all the disorders from which Spain has suffered. They incite revolts, they lead bands of insurgents, they stimulate acts of violence, and in every way prove themselves to be the worst and most persistent enemies of good order in the kingdom.

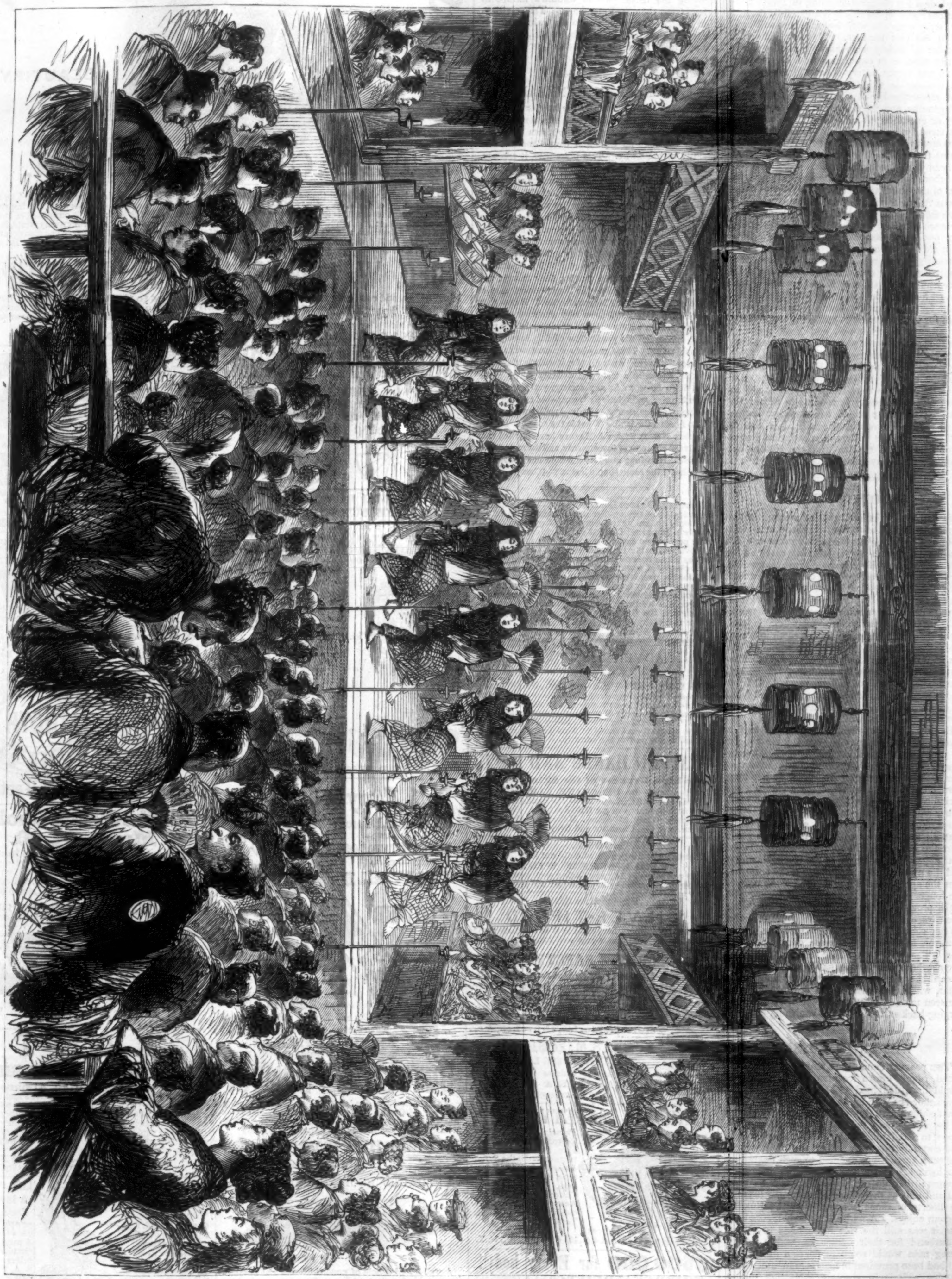
The illustration on this page shows one of those utterly foolish acts by which the development of Spain is constantly put back. A band of insurgents have cut the telegraph wires on a railroad line, and posted one of their number in advance to stop a passenger train. He has raised a flag as a warning to the engineer of the train, who would be worse than mad to disregard it. The next step will be to rob the passengers, who will be happy, indeed, to escape with life. It will require many years of stern government, and the outrooting of popular ignorance and superstition by means of a wise system of education, to make Spain a quiet, prosperous, and happy country.



THE TROUBLES IN SPAIN—AN INSURGENT GUARD STOPPING A RAILROAD TRAIN.

A JAPANESE BALLET.

The artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for the interesting sketch on this page, made during a visit at Kyoto, the city formerly known as Miako, thus describes the novel scene: "I went to see the ballet last night at one of the theatres near Chi-ôn-in. It was well worth seeing. The price of admission was two 'bus' for foreigners. We paid at the door, and were conducted to a raised matted platform at the end, from which we had a good view of both the theatre and the audience. The pit has no benches, but is matted and railed off in squares; the upper tier is likewise matted. Smoking is allowed, and food and drink can be indulged in during the performance. This theatre was beautifully ventilated, and filled with a well-dressed audience. The greenroom was not at the back of the stage, but off the entrance. Having sat a short time, a signal was given, and up went the curtain. It showed the stage lighted with many dozens of candles. A pine-tree painted on a gilt ground was the scene. On each side of the stage was a raised dais covered with scarlet drapery, on which sat the female musicians, with guitars, drums, and fifes. The ballet-girls advanced along a matted way, leading from the side entrance, right across the pit on the left, in slow time, with faces perfectly expressionless and painted ghastly white. They trod a measure in slow time, and, arriving on the stage, 'went into figures.' The female musicians on each side were singing and playing the story which the ballet-girls were acting. The dresses were splendid, and the action in perfect time. There is no pirouetting or jumping about, as with us, but postures, the principle of dancing here being the movement of the hands. We dance with our legs, they with their arms. Another great difference was that, whereas our ballet-girls show their legs, as well as portions of the upper part of their bodies and of their arms, these girls had their legs completely covered; only their feet were naked. There were many different dances, and the performance was very pretty indeed. The lights were rather dazzling, but it would have been better in the daytime."



A JAPANESE BALLET AT THE THEATRE OF KYOTO.

GOOD-BREEDING.

That great proficient in the art of courtesy, the Earl of Chesterfield, defines "good-breeding to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." He then goes on to say that it is astonishing to him "that any one who has good sense and good nature can essentially fail in good-breeding." In the present generation these two qualities, excellent as they are, do not succeed in instilling the thoughts and habits of good society into the uncultivated mind. Neither can culture alone effect this object; the courtly earl's hopeless efforts over his uncourtly son verified the old adage about the sow's ear. When a young man is descended from a long line of noble ancestors he inherits naturally a well-bred instinct. Graceful and courteous habits should come naturally to him, both by tradition and from the example of those around him. His temper should be always under control; self-denial and consideration for others should be his motive power. Natural selection ought to do, and undoubtedly does, a great deal for the good-breeding of future generations; and where this is not carefully carried out, stray members with bad manners will crop up in the best families. If every individual member of society were as well-bred at heart and in mind as in outward action, there would be an end to the outcry about the falseness of the fashionable world. Polite phrases of the most stereotyped kind are sometimes heart-felt and genuine, and the desire to make your neighbors or guests happy or comfortable should be felt strongly, and the expression of that desire is assuredly harmless. The person who simply shams the kind feeling, and expresses the contrary in your absence, is certainly not well-bred; and there is no doubt that the truest courtesy is that of the heart, and innate. The sort of chivalrous feeling for the weak that is handed down to us from the earliest periods is the mainspring of much of what is called good-breeding. A man possessing that to the full would succor a plain old woman as gladly as the youngest and prettiest girl, and would not keep his politeness simply for society and the world, but would be as considerate for those at home, his wife or sisters, as he would for strangers. It is, possibly, easier for a woman than for a man to be well-bred, for women generally possess a larger share of patience, unselfishness, and good-temper; also they possess more natural tact, and can simulate good qualities they do not possess. Lord Chesterfield asserts that the ill-bred man is, by common consent, banished from society. But whatever was the case in his day, it is not so now; possibly society is too much mixed for that. The garden would be somewhat barren if all the weeds were eradicated. We cherish and appreciate the flowers of chivalry, and trust to cultivation and time to bring the less-favored plants to the desired state of perfection.

SHOOTING-STARS.

It has been calculated that of meteors bright enough to be visible to the naked eye in a clear moonless night the numbers that enter our atmosphere daily can not be less than seven and a half millions, and if we include those that would be visible in a telescope, the calculation would exceed four hundred millions. As there is no reason to believe that the region in which our earth moves is more thickly beset with meteoric bodies than other parts of the solar domain, and as the space swept through by the earth in a day is a mere point compared with the whole extent of that domain, the total number of these bodies that must exist around the sun is beyond conception. The hundreds of millions yearly burned up in our atmosphere, and the ashes of which add, it is estimated, one thousand tons weight to our earth in three years, will never be missed!

Besides the stray meteors, of which half a dozen, more or less, may be seen any clear night by watching the sky for an hour, there occur every now and then brilliant displays, known as star showers or meteoric showers. It has long been observed that some of these showers are periodical, recurring on the same day of the year, either annually or after a period of years. The most remarkable thing about a star shower is that all the bodies composing it seem to come from the same limited region of the sky. Those that appear in the centre of the space blaze out and die away without seeming to move: the farther the appearance of a meteor from the centre, the longer and more divergent is its path. The paths proceed from the centre in all directions like rays, and hence it is called the *radiant* point of the shower. This radiation of the paths, however, is a mere appearance, due to perspective. The bodies are really moving parallel to one another; but the one that is coming directly toward the spectator has its path reduced to a point, while the paths of the others all round are seen more or less foreshortened, and all converging backward toward the vanishing-point.

WOMEN IN RUSSIA.

The peasant females are sturdy enough, with broad, rough, brown features, and a tread that would have delighted Cobbett. Their dress—when they are wise enough to keep from Parisian fashions, now inundating the waste places of the North, and reducing mankind, in dress alone, to a dull uniformity—is becoming enough, and certainly not ugly. They are a hard-working race, though not doomed to such degrading employments as German civilization assigns to women; they do not, therefore, grow so soon old and ugly as their Teutonic sisters. It is little liberty of thought and action the Russian woman enjoys. A native-born lady assured me that it was still the rule for parents to choose a husband for their daughters, and a decent young man would scorn to court a girl before she had been promised in marriage to him. The Russian wife is in absolute subjection to her lord, and is well sustained in that position by the sermon of the priest. One consequence of this inferiority is her degradation of sentiment. She feels, as one has said, almost disposed to ask pardon for coming into the world at all. With others to think and act for her, she is not the best of mothers. How could she be, poor thing? A doctor told me that the dreadful mortality among Russian children was chiefly attributable to the want of thought with mothers. The rights-of-women advocates are sorely wanted in the village communes of Russia. As to the ladies proper, my authorities did not speak kindly of them. I saw they were sickly-looking enough, and very far from pretty. Rumor says they turn night into day, feed on improper diet, drink French liqueurs, indulge in French novels, and live less honorably than their countrywomen less advanced in station and education. False civilization, prudently called *refinement*, is destroying the better part of woman's nature in other places than St. Petersburg. True civilization teaches that men are to be trained to become healthy, intellectual, and moral, and that women must be similarly educated, or lose happiness and usefulness.

JEWELRY IN GENERAL.

In those curious letters about the interior of Africa, which have of late excited so much attention, we read that the best currency for his daily wants which the traveler can take up with him from Zanzibar, is a quantity of brass-wire. This brass-wire, it appears, passes for jewelry in Africa, and is worn with much pride in twists and loops about their ankles and wrists by the nobles of that continent. We may laugh at this if we like. But Herbert Spencer has well shown that with the first desire of man for ornament, comes the first dawning of a possible civilization. And for the matter of that, we are by no means sure that the brass-wire of the Ujiji chiefs is of a very much lower epoch in taste than the cheap jewelry on which thousands of our own people persist in wasting their money, and with which they make grotesque their persons. A visit to the establishment of Messrs. Starr & Marcus, 22 John St. (up stairs), will show how unnecessary it is, and how foolish on the score of economy in our people, to encourage the production of this tawdry and perishable stuff. There, may be seen ornaments of all kinds for both sexes wrought of materials intrinsically valuable, and with a taste and delicacy which make them fit to be worn in any society, yet actually no dearer in price, and relatively twenty-fold cheaper than the commonplace, coarse, and trivial pedler-work which has so flooded the land. What is the secret? Simply this, that Messrs. Starr & Marcus have learned that taste is the cheapest of investments, and the most remunerative. How long must it be before our consumers lay to heart the same simple lesson?—[*Com.*]

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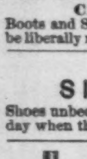

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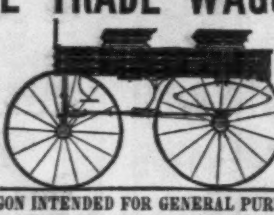

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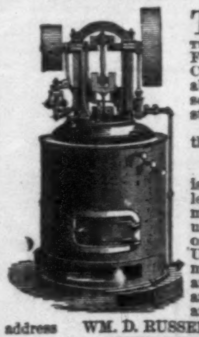

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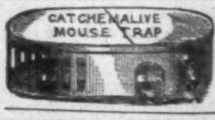

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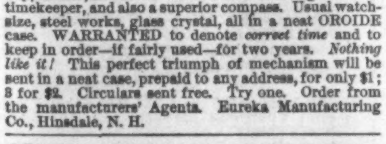

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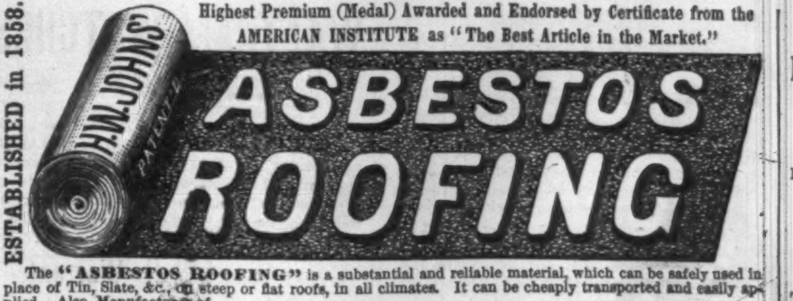

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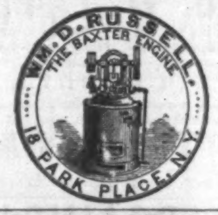

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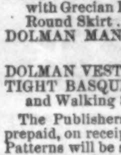

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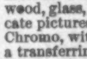

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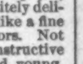

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